

The Saturday Review

No. 3600. Vol. 138.

25 October 1924

[REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER]

6d

CONTENTS

NOTES OF THE WEEK ... 413

LEADING ARTICLE:

What Every Elector Should Know ... 415

MIDDLE ARTICLES:

Socialism and Communism. By Harold Cox ... 416

A Centre Government. By A. A. B. ... 417

The Voice and the Vote. By T. C. Elder ... 418

The Soviet Loan and the Baltic States ... 419

Kew in Autumn. By Vernon Rendall ... 420

A Pair of Couples. By Ivor Brown ... 422

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ. CXXII:

Labour Supports His Supporters. By 'Quiz' ... 421

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR:

Their Friends the Bolsheviks... 423

The Flag to Fly ... 423

Communism and its Victims ... 423

Land Values Taxation ... 423

A Mission of Mercy ... 423

A Query ... 423

REVIEWS:

Napoleon the Artist ... 424

Byron—A Fantasy ... 424

An Englishwoman among Bedouins ... 425

Old London Inns... 425

NEW FICTION. By Gerald Gould:

The Grub Street Nights Entertainments ... 426

The Golden Bed ... 426

Messalina ... 426

Schooling ... 426

THE QUARTERLIES ... 428

ACROSTICS ... 428

MOTORING. By H. Thornton

Rutter ... 429

CITY NOTES ... 432

EDITORIAL NOTICE.—Unsolicited contributions will be considered provided that (1) they are typewritten; (2) they bear the author's name; (3) a stamped, addressed envelope is enclosed. Otherwise we decline responsibility and cannot enter into correspondence. Editorial, Advertising, and Publishing Offices: 9 King St., Covent Garden, London, W.C.2; Gerrard 3157

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.—The subscription to the SATURDAY REVIEW is 30s. per annum, post free. Cheques should be sent to the Publisher at the above address. The paper is despatched in time to reach subscribers by the first post every Saturday.

Notes of the Week

TO those who have felt the pulse of the election during its earlier phases it has been interesting to watch how it has answered sometimes to one, sometimes to another stimulus, and never once has that stimulus been dictated by the speeches of leading politicians or by Press campaigns. To begin with, the electors wanted to understand the facts of the Campbell case, which had been thoroughly obscured by the debate in the House of Commons and by newspaper comment. It was not very long before all points in doubt as to this matter were cleared up, so far as popular opinion was concerned, and the McKenna duties took the place of the Campbell case. At that moment the "stunt" Press started to make Sir Patrick Hastings the villain of the piece, but the potential voter paid very little attention to scare headlines and great political speeches but heckled his would-be representative on questions concerning pianos and motor cars. All the time, however, more serious inquirers worried candidates with questions concerning unemployment and the cost of living, and these two problems are each day increasing their importance from the electoral point of view, though it is very possible that some forgotten issue may make its appearance in the course of the next few days and prove decisive.

THE ELECTION OUTLOOK

From almost every quarter comes news to raise the spirits of Conservatives. Yet we would earnestly warn voters against excess of optimism. The issues are confused in this election, and criticism which might have been directed to the capital failure of Socialism

in office has been dispersed over various incidents really of minor importance. The Socialists are pleading, with some plausibility, that they can make good only if put in office with a clear majority, and the fact that the world did not end when they were given portfolios on sufferance has lulled the anxiety of some voters. Unless every Conservative makes a most vigorous effort on Wednesday, there may result from the election a Conservative Party not strong enough in the House to stand alone. And it is not only Conservatives who should cast a hundred per cent. vote. Every doubter should play for safety by voting Conservative.

CONSERVATIVE AGRICULTURAL POLICY

It has never been possible for Conservatism to compete with Socialism in planning the New Jerusalem or its rural equivalent, and the proposals for inquiry and action which Mr. Baldwin sketched out lately in his speech at Taunton may seem tame when contrasted with the grandiose schemes of the Socialists. They must suffer even by comparison, when made by the credulous, with the Liberal scheme, which provides for a kind of land tenure, "combining the advantages of ownership and tenancy without the disadvantages of either." But the Conservative policy, in its rejection of bureaucratic interference with agriculture, in its search for what agriculturists themselves desire, in its emphasis on continuity, in its concern that the producer's profits should not be unduly diverted to the middleman, has the features which should commend it to sober and practical opinion. The interests of agriculture are safest with those who have been traditionally associated with it, not with urban intellectuals who have suddenly awakened to the needs of the land and their own need of agricultural votes.

Everything's right—
if it's a

Remington TYPEWRITER

First in 1873—
First to-day!

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD ON UNEMPLOYMENT

After all the Socialist pretensions in regard to the cure of unemployment, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald informs the electorate that unemployment is inevitable under the existing social order and can be cured only when it shall have been subverted. Is he totally unaware of conditions in France, in Germany, in the United States? All those are countries where capitalism still obtains, but in which unemployment has virtually disappeared. The blame, then, cannot be laid upon capitalism. As a matter of elementary economic fact, all the employment most characteristic of modern history, all that distinguishes it from the simple labour of men working individually or in small groups in primitive communities, is the joint creation of capitalism and inventive genius. Healthy freedom for capital and adequacy of reward for inventive genius are the conditions of general and well remunerated employment. To persecute capital and to subject the intricate technical processes of modern production to control by bureaucrats or local and sectional bodies of workers is to ensure ruin.

LIBERAL AND CONSERVATIVE CO-OPERATION

Mr. Asquith, himself a gainer by it, has given his blessing to the arrangements made in many constituencies whereby Liberals and Conservatives are standing out of each other's way. Certain Liberal papers, however, have taken a line less sensible and generous. So far as they are animated by mere party spite no comfort can be offered them, but if they fear a Coalition they are disquieting themselves unnecessarily. Few are the Conservatives who would not protest against any attempt to fuse the parties, temporarily or permanently. Nothing of the sort is contemplated officially now. It may be considered in the event of the election giving no party a clear majority, but we confidently hope that even in that case the leaders of Conservatism will be resolute in rejecting it. In criticism of Socialist policy Liberals and Conservatives may be almost completely agreed; their constructive policies differ widely, their temperaments cannot be brought into accord, and spurious union would be a disaster to the country. Co-operation for limited specific purposes, which is eminently desirable, would be gravely prejudiced if either side felt it involved the risk of entanglement in the policy of the other.

THE RUSSIAN VIEW OF THE TREATY

According to the Bolshevik point of view the Russian treaty offers perfect security to the lender and perfect freedom from obligation to the borrower. That it does offer this exceptional combination of advantages must be plain to anyone who compares the language used about it by our own Socialists with the utterances of the present masters of Russia. Litvinoff has explained within the last few days to the Central Executive Committee, or so-called Soviet Parliament, that "we merely seek an arrangement which gives Britain some satisfaction without paying anything from our own pockets." A less responsible gentleman named Fomin has urged that, while scoring off Great Britain as a bourgeois State, Soviet Russia should not fail to show tenderness towards British workers, and has coupled his recommendation that "not a broken copeck" be paid Great Britain, with a suggestion that anything that can be spared from money extorted out of Great Britain should be used "to establish the British Soviet Republic."

THE ELECTION AND INDIA

Those voters who would have statesmen speak comfortable things to them may appreciate Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's declaration that India is in a better way since Socialism was established at Whitehall. Others, who desire to hear the truth, will prefer the grave warnings of Mr. Baldwin and Lord Olivier. For the truth is that the Indian situation has continued to deteriorate during the months in which Lord Olivier has been at the Indian Office. The British Raj is los-

ing all grip on that situation, largely because no one on the spot is sure of the real intentions of the Home Government. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, to be fair, began well enough, with a warning to Indian extremists that this country could not be coerced into untimely concessions, but Lord Olivier, by his correspondence with a seditionist and by the absurd testimonial he gave the egregious Mr. C. R. Das, has encouraged the wreckers, while the wholly unnecessary delay in action on the Lee Report has disheartened the Services in India. What that country most urgently needs is guidance from a Government here that knows its own mind and is not embarrassed by its relations with Indian or Russian revolutionaries in the past or present.

A DILEMMA ON THE DANUBE

With the breakdown of Mr. Davidovitch's efforts to reorganize his Coalition Cabinet so as to include representatives of both the Radical Party and of the Croat Peasant Party, a serious political crisis in Yugoslavia became inevitable. Mr. Davidovitch's resignation threw the responsibility on the King, who has for some days been personally endeavouring to find a basis for an agreement between the parties. Mr. Pasitch, who is unfortunately ill, has the largest party in the House, consisting of 104 members, but the Coalition commands 94, so that Mr. Raditch with some 80 followers is really master of the situation. The Croatian leader's recent declaration in favour of constitutional methods should make it easier for one of the other parties to come to a compromise with him, but his flirtations with Moscow were so well advertised by his opponents as to make it difficult now for them to rush into his arms. There can, however, be no peace for the Triune Kingdom until the Croatian question is settled.

GERMAN POLITICS

General Elections are in the air and Germany is the latest victim. The Government of Herr Marx has succumbed in an endeavour to redeem the promise given to the Nationalists as part of the price for their support of the legislation necessary to put the Dawes Report into action. Under the terms of this promise the Nationalists were to have four seats in the Cabinet, but the Democrats refused to agree to this and the Coalition collapsed. The failure of the long-drawn negotiations was apparently unexpected, but with an eye on their empty treasure chests all the parties are preparing for a quick but quiet campaign. The Nationalists, realizing that feeling is not so extreme as it was in the spring, are reputed to be negotiating an alliance with the People's Party under Herr Stresemann. It is difficult to prophesy, but it would seem likely that there will be a move to the centre to the detriment of both the Nationalists and the Communists.

TROUBLE IN SPAIN

A strict censorship still makes it difficult to discover the real state of affairs in Spain, but General Primo de Rivera's latest quick-change is a fair measure of his difficulties. To combine the duties of Prime Minister with those of Commander-in-Chief in Morocco is an impossible task for any man, and one can easily believe the reports that he is anxious to resign the former post. In short, a wise man would not cling to power as the head of a shaken, if not discredited, Government, when he might by a popular victory in Morocco secure his position as the saviour of his country. Unfortunately, his subordinates in Madrid show a strange reluctance to step into his political shoes, so that he must retain both offices and, if necessary, the responsibility for mistakes.

SCANDINAVIA AND DISARMAMENT

M. Branting, the veteran Swedish Socialist, has once more been called upon to form a Ministry and to carry out the policy of disarmament which was inter-

rupted by the war. Sweden and Denmark have now both realized the impossibility of effectively protecting their own territory in view of their small populations and extended frontiers by land and sea. In Denmark the struggle will come when the Disarmament Bill now before Parliament is judged by the electorate by means of a referendum; but in Sweden the last General Election settled the matter and the late Government fell through an attempt to stem the tide. Both countries are now about to test the efficiency of the League of Nations and their disarmament measures may be expected to fit in with the general lines on which that body is working.

ADRIATIC FINANCES

Mgr. Fan Noli, the Prime Minister of Albania, has succeeded in raising a loan of 25 million gold lire in Italy. He has returned to Tirana from Rome, where the negotiations for the loan took place, and interest is now centred on the uses to which the money will be put. It is thought in political circles here that the successful issue of the loan constitutes a temporary victory for the Italianophile party at Tirana and that in consequence the present regime in Albania, which is favoured by Italy, may continue for some time. On the other hand there are those who think that the return to power of the Zogouists has only been retarded by Mgr. Fan Noli's success in Rome and that a counter-revolution in favour of Ahmet Zogou will come in time.

THE RETURN OF THE ROWDY

The rowdyism that was so ugly a feature of the last election has broken out again and anti-Socialist candidates are being subjected to the full fury of lungs and even missiles. The Public Meetings Act of 1908 gives them protection, and public opinion will certainly endorse the full use of this defence. On the other hand, some candidates dislike appealing to the police and rely upon the vigilance of their stewards, but stewards alone cannot cope with the organized hooliganism that Labour extremists employ. The victims of the rowdies have at least this consolation, that violence can only lose votes for the Socialists and hand them to the supporters of order. The British people are not fond of bullies. Rowdyism may be discounted by the Labour candidates as a weapon of the Communists recently refused admission to the Labour fold; but, as Mr. Harold Cox points out on another page, Socialism is close kin to Communism and has binding ties of doctrine. The wolf in sheep's clothing may imitate the gentle bleat as well; but he remains a wolf.

THE PROGRESS OF THE DAIRY

Elections, or no elections, the world's work must go on, and the British Dairy Farmers' Association held their show this week at Islington. The standard of exhibits was creditably high and there seems to be no doubt that, whatever may be the troubles of the agricultural industry as a whole, British stock-breeding is being conducted with skill and success. Another point on which British people might take more pride is our national cheese-industry. The lordliness of a ripe Stilton and the flaky richness of a good Cheshire may have continental rivals as cheese of quality, but their flavour is unique. They express our English countryside and are the right ending of an English meal. The cheese exhibits attracted much attention and it is good to see that the small-holders' entries were viewed with favour.

THE WOMEN'S INSTITUTES

Another exhibition worth attention is that held at the Drapers' Hall by the National Federation of Women's Institutes. All who follow the life of the countryside know the excellent work done by the Institutes in breaking down the loneliness and lack of social

entertainment that may dull the rural outlook. Articles shown included much home-made furniture, pottery, and the like; this was tasteful work done by the woman who is a home-builder in a very real sense of the word and sometimes by co-operative effort. The country woman, if she gets instruction and opportunity, can fashion articles of use and beauty, better in all respects than the kind of trash that may be foisted on her by the cheap-jacks at the local market day. Examples of exquisite needlework and weaving were also to be seen; and the omens of a genuine revival in handicraft were propitious.

WHAT EVERY ELECTOR SHOULD KNOW

THERE is a very considerable risk of this election being looked back upon, with unavailing regret, as the last, and the lost, chance of the older and truly national parties. We know well enough that the triumph of Socialism could only be ephemeral, that its vague and vast schemes would soon prove unworkable, that what Lord Birkenhead has called its campaign against human nature would eventually provoke fierce reaction. But this country is no longer capable of sustaining experiments. Bled by the war, crushed by taxation, it has neither the spirit nor the resources to rally after two or three years of thorough-going Socialism. Reaction after a period of Government by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's masters could only be a movement of helpless protest. Our trade would by then be ruined, our credit a legend, our Empire a family not on speaking terms, our national unity a memory in a country torn by the class war. The duped people might by an enormous majority reverse the vote of 1924, but it would be too late. The system that was not built up in a generation or a century could not be rebuilt in a session or in the life of one Ministry. Indeed, it could not be built up at all, for the circumstances which gave this country pre-eminence have long ago disappeared. In the event we have supposed, Conservatives and Liberals would be but toilers in a ruin with no higher hope than that of preventing utter collapse of whatever walls might still be standing on sapped foundations.

The old order has one chance. Whether it will ever have more depends entirely on the use made of the present opportunity. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has lately said that the great evil of unemployment cannot be cured so long as the old order endures, and there is not a malady of society of which the same is not said by his followers or his Communist masters. It is for those who believe in the old order to disprove these assertions. Yes; but they cannot be disproved by a minority Conservative Government or a minority Liberal Government. Remedies cannot be found for obscure and complicated disorders in a few months, nor when found can they be applied with vigour and persistence by powerless and temporary Ministers. If this country is to right itself under capitalism and our traditional political system, whichever of the two older parties is called to office must have time and a reasonable hope of being able to see its plans in operation before its term of office is ended. The Conservative programme is to a considerable extent a programme of inquiries, and in honesty it could be nothing else. Prolonged investigation is necessary before the gravest of our present national difficulties can be tackled, and not only investigation, but, since we live under democracy, popular education in its results. Then, and only then, can our major problems be attacked on right lines and with confident expectation of the people's co-operation.

In other words, what we need is not less than four years of majority Government. Who can provide it? Clearly not the Liberals. Nothing short of a miracle could give them a majority adequate to the

task which lies before those who would vindicate the old and menaced order. And even were that miracle worked, the task is not one for which the Liberals as a whole are fitted. Individuals among them have done, and are now more strenuously than ever doing, excellent work in the criticism of Socialism. It would be stupidly ungenerous to deny it. But when their work ceased to be critical, when they were summoned to constructive labours, it would inevitably be found that, whether by reason of the temperamental peculiarities of such a leader as Mr. Lloyd George, who is always unhappy unless he can announce the dawn of a new day, or by reason of demands from their left wing, the Liberals would to some extent play into the hands of the Socialists. Prudence requires that there should be between the Party that is to kill Socialism and Socialism itself a stronger antithesis than Liberalism can offer in practice. Yet we need not press this contention. It should be enough for all practical men and women that the Liberals cannot secure such a majority as would enable them to govern otherwise than by permission of other parties.

We do not ask convinced Liberals to abjure their faith. When the eminently sensible local arrangements to avoid splitting the anti-Socialist vote are not operating, those who have long been attached to Liberalism will doubtless vote for their own candidate. In constituencies where there is no Liberal candidate, those who have been accustomed to vote Liberal will be betraying the country if they refrain from voting; and in constituencies where there is no Conservative candidate, Conservative voters will be not less guilty if they do not actively assist in keeping out the Socialist. But in the huge contemporary electorate traditional Conservatives and Liberals form only minorities. The great mass of those who will vote, or should vote, on Wednesday are persons whose political allegiance is unsettled, and it is to them particularly that we would appeal.

There is very good reason to think that many of them are filled with resentment at the prospect of frequent elections. It is well, they feel as democrats, that the people should be consulted, but not so well that consultation should be of annual recurrence. Legislators are the servants of the nation, but legislators who are continually seeking new instructions are as much a nuisance as domestic servants who abound in inquiries about the master's pleasure instead of getting on with their work. Well, if the nuisance is to be abated, it can be only by placing in power a Government with a strong majority. Nor will this suffice. The trouble will continue unless the party enabled to form a Government is the Conservative, which alone promises the country orderly and prudent progress and the least possible interference with the lives and private concerns of citizens. Further, though we do not deny that Liberalism is national, it is only Conservatism that constantly holds to the principle of national and Imperial unity as something too precious ever to be jeopardized. Socialism has brought us to the verge of that suicidal folly—the class war, and only Conservatism can allay the senseless bitterness which prevents industrial and social questions from being judged on their merits instead of being viewed as opportunities for trial of strength between those who are bound to be co-operators. Finally, it is only Conservatism that can urge on the development of the country, to the remedying of unemployment. For it alone is without ulterior motives, of the kind which have lately made Socialists in Parliament the enemies of every scheme, however good, which by strengthening private enterprise would postpone nationalization. The Socialists' policy is simply one of starving the goose lest it should lay too many golden eggs before they themselves can get broody.

SOCIALISM AND COMMUNISM

BY HAROLD COX

A FEATURE of more than temporary importance that has distinguished the present electoral campaign is the verbal conflict between Socialists and Communists. At the opening of the campaign a fiercely worded memorandum was issued by the Executive Committee of the Labour Party, calling upon the rank and file of the party to realize "the conflict between our own principles and those of the Communist Party." With even more emphasis, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, in one of his earliest electioneering speeches, said: "Communism as we know it has nothing practical in common with us. It is a product of Tsardom and war mentality."

Whether this outburst by the Socialists against the Communists was merely the result of certain personal disputes, or whether it was a political move planned for the purpose of attracting moderate men to the Socialist Party, the outer public is not expected to know. But whatever the motive for trying to mark a division between Socialism and Communism the fact remains that several men with recognized Communist leanings are in prominent positions in the Labour Party. Mr. Wheatley, who probably would not hesitate to call himself a Communist, is a member of Mr. MacDonald's Cabinet. Mr. A. A. Purcell, who is vice-chairman of the General Council of the Trades Union Congress, is standing for Parliament with a programme that would probably satisfy all the Communists of Glasgow. Yet he is the official Labour candidate for the borough of Coventry. Everyone familiar with the personalities of the Socialist movement could give plenty of other illustrations of the active co-operation between the Communists and Socialists. They may occasionally snarl at one another, but they are working together for a common cause. It is true that the methods proposed by the moderate Socialists differ from those demanded by the extreme Communists. The moderate Socialist has inherited the English tradition of constitutional government and cautious progress. The extreme Communist, inspired rather by hatred of the capitalist than by love of the working man, wants to gratify his passion of hate with a bloody revolution. But though there is this marked contrast between the proposed methods of the extreme Communist and those of the moderate Socialist, both are aiming at the same goal.

This can be proved up to the hilt out of the writings of the Socialists themselves. Among the Socialists Mr. Sidney Webb may be regarded as the embodiment of moderation. "Go slowly—go safely" has long been his motto, or at any rate his policy. But what is the goal at which he aims? A full answer to this question can be found in an article on 'The Principles of the Labour Party,' contributed to the *Herald* as far back as December 1, 1917, by Sidney and Beatrice Webb. After stating that the mere transfer of land and capital to representatives of the community "would not in itself bring about equality of circumstance," these joint expositors of the Socialist creed go on to say:

The nation would still have to decide how the annual aggregate of produce should be shared. We suggest that in this matter the community must deliberately choose equality; and it is this voluntary choice of equality that is one of the fundamental principles of the Labour Party.

That statement admits of only one construction. All the wealth produced in the country is to be equally divided. However hard one man may work, however much another may idle; however skilful one man may be, however clumsy and careless another; all are to share equally. This is the Communist ideal and it is deliberately endorsed in the above statement by two leading Fabian Socialists, one of whom is a member of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald's Cabinet.

25 October 1924

Another prominent Socialist, Mr. J. Bruce Glasier, wrote in 1919 a book on 'The Meaning of Socialism.' It was published by the National Labour Party Press, with an introductory blessing from Mr. J. A. Hobson, who, like Mr. Sidney Webb, is a Fabian Socialist. In a chapter entitled 'Socialism and Private Property,' Mr. Bruce Glasier, while arguing that some private property would continue to exist even under Communism, said explicitly, "Socialism merges insensibly into Communism."

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may, of course, retort that he has never said anything so precise as this. It is not Mr. MacDonald's habit to be precise. His writings on Socialism are so vague that it is impossible to be quite sure what his own creed is. But it is clear that his creed differs widely from the accepted gospel of modern Socialists, for he has more than once denied the validity of the economic doctrines on which Marxian Socialism is based. In his book on 'Socialism—Critical and Constructive,' republished in June, 1924, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, speaking of Karl Marx, says: "The validity of his economic theories is more than doubtful; his historical philosophy is in the same position." In these words the present leader of the Socialist Party in Great Britain damns the fundamental doctrines of the German apostle of Socialism, whom most Socialists throughout Europe regard as an inspired prophet. To repudiate Marx is to repudiate Socialism as well as Communism. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald may claim to have a peculiar brand of Socialism of his own manufacture, but he is not entitled to act as interpreter for other Socialists when he repudiates the prophet who founded their creed.

The important questions to ask are: What are the rank and file in the Socialist movement taught to believe and what demands are they taught to make? They are taught to believe that the capitalist is a robber, and that if he could be prevented from stealing, the working man would be wealthy and happy. They are taught to demand the abolition of capitalism and the transfer of the control of industry to the workers. This teaching comes both from Communists and from Socialists. It is true that some Socialists may not clearly envisage the absolute equality which the Communists frankly proclaim as their ideal, but the arguments that the Socialists use to win recruits lead straight to the Communist goal. From the point of view of street corner propaganda in the Socialist movement, the one thing that matters is to excite hostility against the rich by appealing to the spirit of envy. Every Socialist tub-thumper enlarges on the large incomes of the wealthy as contrasted with the meagre wages of the poor. But where is the contrast to end? If with the aid of a capital levy, or a 20s. income tax, the Socialists succeeded in wiping out the wealthy, there would still remain the contrast between the man with a few pounds saved and the man with nothing in the bank and most of his furniture in the pawnshop. (The only way of satisfying the spirit of envy which is the driving passion of the Socialist movement is to concede Mr. Sidney Webb's proposition and to divide the whole of the produce of the community equally among all, regardless of merit and regardless of saving.) And that is Communism.

The concrete proposals put forward by the Socialists equally lead to the same end. The whole Labour Party is unanimous in demanding that if a man cannot find work, the community must provide him with full pay at trade union rates. If that principle were once accepted, the large majority of men and women would cease looking for work. Socialists and Communists alike ignore this inevitable outcome of their policy. They pretend to believe that if only private property in the means of production were abolished the spirit of service would take the place of the desire for reward, and everybody would work magnificently. It is

a picturesque dream, but in practice wherever Communism has been tried some form of compulsion has been required to extract from unwilling workers the necessary minimum of labour.) The Russian Communist Government has constantly adopted the plan of shooting strikers. When this remedy for idleness is regularly established the full glory of Communism will have been realized.

In the meantime, the present leaders of the Labour Party find it politically expedient to repudiate the Communists. The latter are so unpleasantly frank. They say exactly what they want, and they say it with an emphasis that grates on the susceptibilities of the politician who is out to win votes. It is so much more profitable—from the electioneering point of view—to pretend that Socialism is only a gentle change that will sweep away all the miseries of the poor without hurting anybody except a few bloated capitalists. (But it remains indisputable that the real essence of Socialism is the abolition of private property in all the means of wealth production, to be followed by an equal distribution of whatever wealth may still be produced. And that is Communism.)

A CENTRE GOVERNMENT

By A. A. B.

ANYONE who takes the trouble to reflect upon the last two General Elections and to conjecture the result of the present one, may well feel uneasy. He will realize the dangerous power of the individual who happens to be Prime Minister, as well as the instability of unlimited democracy. In 1922, after four years of Coalition under Mr. Lloyd George, the Conservatives decided "to stand from under." Mr. Bonar Law appealed to the electors on the platform of "tranquillity," and promised not to pass controversial measures of Tariff Reform. The country responded by giving the Conservatives a majority of 100 over Liberals and Socialists. But Mr. Bonar Law died in the early months of 1923, and Mr. Baldwin, quite unknown outside official circles, succeeded to the most comfortable position ever offered to a statesman. Unfortunately Mr. Baldwin thought he knew better than Mr. Bonar Law. Not tranquillity but Tariff Reform is what the country wants, said he; and to get a release from Mr. Bonar Law's promise there must be another General Election. So in the winter of 1923 the Conservative Party was wrecked on the rock of tariffs, for the third time since the beginning of the century. The result of this personal blunder was that in the Parliament of 1924 the Liberals and Socialists outnumbered the Conservatives by about 100, and Mr. Asquith, who held the balance, turned Mr. Baldwin out and put in Mr. Ramsay MacDonald. Mr. Asquith defended his conduct by saying it was an experiment! He wanted to see how the leaders of the Labour Party would behave themselves. Thus Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Asquith have both subjected the body politic to experiments within a twelve-month. And now being tired of the Socialist experiment after seven months, Mr. Asquith gets Mr. Baldwin to join him in voting against Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, with the result that we have a third General Election in three years upon no real issue at all except the personal one. No unwritten Constitution can stand the strain of these repeated experiments. The electors are entitled to complain of the monkey tricks of Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Asquith.

As often happens in politics and diplomacy, the real and the pretended issues are not the same. The dropping of the Campbell prosecution is not a real issue, but a sham one. Every Saturday and Sunday I hear speakers in Hyde Park utter worse treason against the King and society than the article in the *Workers' Weekly*, and nothing is done, though there are always constables present, and, I believe, a police shorthand reporter in plain clothes. A prosecution of an indivi-

dual by the Attorney-General for an offence against the King or the State is a public or State matter; and as such the Prime Minister and the Cabinet have not only a right but a duty of interference and direction. If Lord Birkenhead and Sir Douglas Hogg would take the trouble to look up the prosecutions for sedition and incitement to mutiny undertaken during the Governments of Pitt and Perceval and Liverpool, they would perhaps drop their mare's nest—I say perhaps, because there is no telling what a lawyer out of office will say or do. The Russian Treaty is a real issue, and had the two leaders of Opposition been wiser they would have accepted Sir Patrick Hastings's explanation, after having made their denunciatory speeches, and waited for the Russian loan. But the Prime Minister was too quick for them; he saw the advantage of dissolving on the Campbell case, which the man in the street regards as a lawyers' squabble.

The real issue of the election is Mr. MacDonald's character and that of his associates. Is Mr. MacDonald a fit and proper person to be Prime Minister, and are his colleagues and supporters worthy to be trusted by the people? That is a very vital issue, which is merely obscured by ill-natured gossip about a motor car, and insincere heroics about tampering with the judiciary. I hope and believe that by this time the majority of voters realize that Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a perfectly unreliable man, who is incapable of making a straightforward statement about anything. Whether the lie is on the lips, or in the soul, as Plato would say, whether, that is, he is a muddle-headed idealist, or whether he is coerced by his tail into saying the thing which is not, he is equally dangerous as First Minister of the Crown. The subterranean connexions of himself, friend Wheatley, and other "friends," i.e., masters, with international Communists, and the very recent war record of them all, can inspire nothing but distrust and alarm. But when we, the sane portion of the public, have decided that the present Government must be got rid of, we are only halfway towards our object. All sensible citizens are agreed that the scandals and blunders of the last two elections must not be repeated, and that the commonwealth must be protected against the caprices of party leaders, "ripe for revolt and greedy for reward." But how is tranquillity under stable government to be secured?

Suppose the result of the polls is something of this kind: 300 Conservatives, 200 Socialists, 100 Liberals, and 15 Independents and Communists. How are we any nearer to the desideratum of stable government? You may add to or subtract from the votes of these parties as you please. The great probability is that the Conservative Party will not get an absolute majority; that it will as now be the largest party in the House of Commons, but that it will as now be dependent on the votes of one of the two other parties for the carriage of its measures. The new Parliament meets on November 18. A vote of want of confidence in the Government is carried by Conservatives and Liberals. Mr. MacDonald resigns, and the King calls upon Mr. Baldwin to form a Government. If Mr. Baldwin forms a Government out of his Shadow Cabinet, he will be in exactly the same humiliating position as he was in January, liable to be turned out by Mr. Asquith in conjunction with Mr. MacDonald. And the nation will be in just the same position of suspense, and liable to be disturbed at any hour by a General Election. Mr. Baldwin not unfrequently tells us that he doesn't love office and that he hates making speeches. Will he accept the post of caretaker? Or will he prefer a broad and statesmanlike view, and refuse to become Prime Minister unless one or two Liberal leaders will join his Cabinet? The name of Coalition has been made unpopular by Mr. Lloyd George. But when the Pelhams, and the Bedfords, or the Pittites, wished to combine, they talked about a broad-bottomed administration. Never mind about labels. Unless experienced party leaders, each with a following in the country, will sink prejudices and per-

sonal intrigues, we shall never get back to the stability of the two party system, and Cabinet government will sink into disrepute. Are there any objections, except personal ones, against Mr. Asquith, Lord Grey, and Mr. Churchill being in the next Cabinet?

THE VOICE AND THE VOTE

By T. C. ELDER

IT is possible that the delightful ineptitude of the ordinary electioneering meeting, at which chairman and candidate and reserve speakers struggle to express the feelings within them at once enthusiastically and discreetly, will soon become obsolete, since a whole nation can don its earpieces or face a "loud speaker" and listen to the voices of the stars. Not merely can they thus inhale the pompous or playful platitudes that must, one fears, always make up the dough of these speeches at election times, but they can even hear some of those cherishable remarks from back bench humorists, and some of those neat and swift retorts to rash hecklers which are sometimes alleged to be pre-arranged. The wailing of a persecuted Premier as he flees from Scotland to England and from England to Wales from inconvenient inquiries, addressed to his head, but received, as he complains, "below the belt"; the latterly ineffective spellbindings of declining wizards whose once "rare and refreshing" are now but dreary dried fruits; if such entertainment can be given by aerial currents, what attraction can long remain in the common ordinary town hall or village school meeting?

Again, it is a solemn question how long the magic of the leaflet will continue to prevail. The honourable custom of nailing lies to the counter is in peril of disuse, possibly because the counter is now nearly full; but while the physical power of the printing press has grown to be capable of flooding the country overnight with countless millions of reasons why, there is a rising belief that ink has begun to lose its virtue. Whether it is that this generation is less able than our fathers and grandfathers to read and digest such serious matter—an assumption by no means improbable—or whether the times call for a new style, or whether again, the mere tonnage of this material and the rapidity with which claims are cancelled by counter-claims and with which an answer can be printed to everything—and printed half-an-hour before—none can say convincingly. We are in the position of learners during the too frequent elections of these nineteen-twenties. Let us hope that posterity will gain from our sufferings.

Nevertheless, in the midst of whirling changes and reforms there are some old institutions that abide, and look like seeing the old world out. Of these are the gentlemen of a certain ripeness and maturity who, from a saddlebag chair at the club, or a high stool at a bar, or even at their own fireside, know everything, and yet do nothing, in the field of politics. They are the despair of the hectic political organizers—these vociferous limpets. They are voices, but they cannot be counted as votes. I see the suggestion made by a newspaper correspondent that the act of voting is too laborious and inconvenient. We ought to be able to do it all by touching a button or dropping a disc. To make your way to the polling booth, even if a car calls for you and a ticket is put in your damp, nervous hand; to call the attention of a clerk to yourself; to take a slip of paper, mark it with a cross, fold it and drop it in a box—all this is too much trouble. The millions of working men and women who go through this performance are in that respect sound and worthy citizens. They may put their crosses in the wrong place; but whom or what you vote for is really secondary. The person who votes, according to his sincere convictions about what will benefit the country, is of the right stuff, even if he has been temporarily infuriated by the fluttering of a red flag. And the other,

who can tell you all about the dangers ahead of the community, and who is confident of the right way to avoid them, but who will not put a cross on a slip of paper as his share in this good work is a bad case of vote suicide while temporarily insane.

It is a rather startling reflection that in 1924, while we have our large circulation daily Press and our million listeners-in, we cannot be sure of hearing that voice of the people which politicians must worship. At the last election the numbers who went to the poll ranged from 50 to 70 per cent. of the total electorate in many constituencies. The rest was silence. So might we let it be now, and make no protest, but for the fact that truly this time the eyes of the world are turned upon this island, and indeed the fate of the world is, in some sense, about to be decided.

What this election should prove, one way or the other, is whether the people of Great Britain are inclined to see red; and not merely whether a majority are so inclined, but whether a large minority exists which may hope on a later occasion to prevail. And it is not a case of members elected; it is vitally important that the aggregate poll should prove something plainly.

It is not enough to fight a pitched battle with Socialism and leave it battered and bruised but able to retire with hope of other battles to come. This country will be enfeebled and retarded in its economic development so long as there is the slightest suspicion that the foundations of its social system are in danger of being undermined. Any result therefore which leaves Socialism as a living cause will be harmful to the recovery of our old prosperity. The world wants to know now if Britain is going Red—not merely in 1924, but possibly in 1928 or later.

How, then, can we demonstrate the absurdity of any such apprehensions? It is not, I repeat, a question of merely how many members of each colour are returned to the House. The undying statistician continues his deadly work after and between elections. He adds up and subtracts, and he shows that, after all, only so many million electors voted one way and so many voted the other; so that there is not much margin, and any party may hope to accomplish a glorious turnover. Then other ingenious nuisances get to work to make intricate calculations in proportionate representation and alternative voting and second ballots, until at the finish there seems to be no reason left why anybody won or lost, but clearly the Government in power is not the people's real choice.

The great indolent army of non-voters should try to prevent all this. Let 1924 be the year famous in our history for its 90 per cent. poll and its final suppression of the dismal and dangerous cant of Socialism.

THE SOVIET LOAN AND THE BALTIC STATES

[FROM A CORRESPONDENT.]

NO countries in Europe have such an intimate knowledge of the political and economic condition of Russia as Latvia and Estonia, which are her neighbours, and by whose railways most of her exports have found their way to England and elsewhere through the ports of Riga, Libau and Reval. I have just returned from Riga, after a trip up the Baltic. While there, and in other Baltic centres, I took the opportunity of inquiring of leading politicians and industrialists how they regarded the treaties which the MacDonald Government has concluded with Moscow. I asked particularly what they thought of the loan—which, as everybody knows, is the essential thing in the treaties, for Moscow has had no scruples in stating that without it all the rest is worthless. Those to whom I spoke thoroughly understood the position. They were really apprehensive lest the treaties should be ratified by the British Parliament and lest the loan should be granted (this was before the Liberals had made clear their antagonism to the Government). Believing that any loan to the Soviet would inevitably

be used for political rather than economic purposes, these people dreaded the loan as a serious menace. They were unanimous in the opinion that it would be detrimental to their countries and not genuinely helpful in the reconstruction of Russia. Above all, they wondered exceedingly how it was that England, still declared by the Soviet to be its principal enemy, could dream of making this loan. "You are offering a sharp sword with which your own throat will be cut," said one of those with whom I conferred. "It is not so much folly as madness!"

Now these people know the Bolsheviks very well and have no illusions about them. In 1919-20 Estonia and Latvia had to fight the Reds and drive them out of their territory—which they did by heroic efforts and great sacrifices: a very bitter and unforgettable experience. Yet, after all, North-Western Russia is their hinterland, and if they could—it is manifestly in their own economic interest—they would gladly live on good terms with Moscow. The Soviet Government has signed treaties with them, acknowledging their independence and postulating fair neighbourly relations. Both the Latvian and Estonian Governments have gone a very long way to making these relations friendly; they have made the Soviet as free of their railways and ports as are their own people; Reval, Riga and Libau are for all commercial purposes open ports for Russia. Yet what is the result? Bolshevik intrigue and propaganda affect all the Baltic States more or less; but they are particularly and incessantly active in Latvia and Estonia. Quite lately a dangerous Bolshevik conspiracy for the subversion of the republic, organized on lines similar to those recently employed in the subjugation of Georgia, was unearthed in Estonia; it was successfully combated, but it is symptomatic of the situation. A week or two earlier a Soviet warship fired several rounds in the neighbourhood of Libau, Russia's former open-water naval base in the Baltic, where a vast "war-harbour" has been dug out of the solid earth at an infinite cost of money and labour. It was explained afterwards that the Soviet warship was engaged in manoeuvres in neutral waters and did not fire on Libau, as some of the inhabitants had thought. But Libau was too far south for manoeuvres, and the obvious intention of the firing was to intimidate the Letts and spread panic through Latvia. There was some natural apprehension, but no panic. The affair, however, reveals Soviet policy.

The views of the leaders of these Baltic States on the Soviet are of special value in relation to the proposed British loan. These leaders have no confidence in Soviet Russia. I mentioned to them that the main argument used by Mr. MacDonald for the loan was that if it were granted there would be a notable decrease in the numbers of our unemployed. I will sum up the opinions that were expressed on this point and others by quoting what was said to me by a prominent man in Riga, whose view may be taken as representative:

"If Russia had something of the same form of Government as other lands, and you poured money into her, there would unquestionably be an improvement in her condition, which, however, could not in her circumstances be rapid. Virtually Russia is destroyed. Latvia is only beginning to be prosperous; but if you were to step across the frontier into Russia you would see a difference as between heaven and hell. Were everything in Russia's favour, it would still be many, many years before there would be a great improvement; but everything is not in her favour. It is really a mean lie to tell your working classes that this loan would materially lessen unemployment, for it cannot do anything of the sort. The Soviet form of Government is hopeless and, so long as it endures, to pour money into Russia is just like pouring it into a bottomless pit. Russia is in a worse position to-day than she has ever been; her exports are almost negligible; and there is scant hope of better things. Let her alone; if she is to be saved she must save herself—there is no other way."

KEW IN AUTUMN

BY VERNON RENDALL

"THE autumn colours are very good this year." I spoke with enthusiasm, and the answer came, "Yes, they are beautiful this year. In Regent Street. . . ." I was not thinking of the shops and what a host of writers call the "dictates of fashion." I was recapturing the beauties of Kew Gardens, the glow of autumn tints more brilliant and varied there than elsewhere, because foreign trees compete with the natives. Who writes of these beauties nowadays, or of flowers at all? I did, indeed, see that a film actress shot herself after a quarrel with her husband about the location of a pansy-bed, but that was in America, where they do odd things. The display at Kew is quickly going, and I wonder that so few care to see it. Where are the artists who in the spring painted the flush of blossom? Have they no red and yellow in their palettes?

Bright yellow, red and orange,
The leaves come down in hosts;
The trees are Indian Princes,
But soon they'll turn to ghosts.

All over the grounds are trees worth looking at, and they can be seen better, when the eye is not distracted by a carpet of flowers. Notice, for instance, the well-grown Deodar in the Wild Garden, one of the three cedars familiar in this country, and introduced in the 'forties of the last century. Its feathery green shows up against the changing yellow. The other two cedars, the Mount Atlas and the Cedar of Lebanon, flourish outside the fine gateway of a Buddhist Temple set up near the Pagoda. The Maidenhair Tree should by rights be here too, as it was only preserved 200 years ago in temple precincts of China and Japan. The Gateway is a fine piece of intricate carving and design while the Pagoda presents the flashy Orientalism of the eighteenth century as brought over by Sir William Chambers. It also presents in its coat of paint the only ugly red in the grounds. So I viewed it at a distance, getting the long parade of green grass and autumn trees from the Palm House. The native Sycamore and the Hornbeam, an admirably subtle yellow, are so brilliant that they might seem foreigners. The Maples from Norway and Japan surpass them, but not easily. Most engaging of all is the straggly shrub called "Chittam Wood," from the United States. In the distance its leaves are orange; nearer, they develop into orange delicately tricked out with red. The whole tribe of *Pyrus* and *Prunus*, so beautiful in their spring blossom, now a second time attract the eye with leaves and fruit which vary from dull claret to bright yellow. Perhaps *Pyrus Alpina* with dull red berries and orange leaves is the best; but a lover of colour walks from one to another, admiring all. Then the blaze of *Quercus coccinea* makes one forget everything else among Kew's masses of red. No wonder the birds sound very cheerful; they are undisturbed and they have so much fruit to eat that they must be in danger of fatty degeneration. One prize has been for some time netted off—I suppose, from their beaks—a show of *Pyracantha* berries on the edge of the Rock Garden. It is the most brilliant thing of the sort I have ever seen, and was earlier an entrancing mass of white flowers. In the Herbal Garden near by Michaelmas Daisies grow to an immense height, and in varieties bright enough to make one praise the season. But this year they lack the gorgeous butterflies I have seen haunting them. It is clearly autumn for the Rock Garden, a time of desolation, though the late Oriental primrose still puts up a few blooms. The Autumn Crocus—a rare wild flower—has been flourishing here of late in improved varieties, but now it is at its best in the long grass of the Wild Garden, where it glows as a grateful surprise. But among the mimic rocks one of the most fairy-like of the Saxifrages still waves its delicate tracery of white bloom in the air, and autumn seems to suit two oddly different *Polygonums*, a sturdy shrub

and a tiny pink blob on the ground, both relatives of that queer weed the pink *Persicaria*. The Red-Hot-Pokers, as I turn to the Orchid-Houses, do not poke so firmly as they did; but they make a fine, heraldic show.

Among the orchids you are sure of blossom, whatever the season. Their humid summer lasts all the year round, and just now the eye cannot miss a good show of *Cattleyas*, too ordinary, perhaps, for spoilt amateurs. Look then at the best of *Oncidium incurvum*. Two delicate stems lean over, and each of them bears in its shower of white and purple grace over fifty blossoms. *Vanda cœrulea* is not sky-blue, but its simple, open flowers of pale purple are most attractive.

One need not, however, go to the hot-houses yet to find flowers. Here and there in the open I noted with delight beds of brown and white chrysanthemums of the old, reasonable size, which I prefer to the huge monstrosities of fashionable cultivation—part of the megalomania which has invaded this unhappy country. The Big Five or Twenty-five in the Chrysanthemum world may go and please the millionaire: I turn to my more modest old friends.

All this time, I have nearly forgotten the roses, shining in the sunshine, brave in dreary weather:

The clouds of gray engulf the day,
And overwhelm the town;
It isn't raining rain for me—
It's raining roses down.

Kew used not to make much of roses, but by the side of the Palm-House where rhododendrons and lilies once contended for the mastery, beds of pansies and roses have been showing this year that the summer was wonderful. Now, though the pansies are mostly gone—I hope, without fatal quarrels—the roses still proclaim that the weather is all right. The "last rose of summer" has long been an exploded piece of sentiment, and the "too brief blossoms" of the Roman moralist are out of date as a lesson. Nowadays, if Horace refused to send his young man for the last, long-lingering rose, it would not be because the quest was difficult. Roses could be found, unless it was the depth of winter. The extension of flowers with early and late varieties is one of the most remarkable of modern gardening achievements. Veronicas and irises dare the winter frost, and precocious rhododendrons.

In this October the Kew roses are blooming as if they were just beginning to enjoy themselves. They are new plants, I suppose, with the happy gaiety of youth. They still bud and flower incessantly. Professional florists will have to look to their rose-leaves, if Kew can do things like these plots. But with all the new beauty of colour goes a serious loss. The Duke in 'Lothair' gave a garden to the Lady Corisande, in order that she might practise her theory

that flower gardens should be sweet and luxuriant, and not hard and scentless imitations of works of art.

I applaud the judgment of the Lady Corisande; a rose should, like the original wild stock of the hedges, be fragrant; scentless, it is flagrant. So I was but faintly pleased with some of the triumphs of art in colour, which did not detain me long. I adored instead the exquisite *Madame Butterfly*. With its delicately flushed pink, its luxuriant habit, and its scent, it is all that a rose should be, and I hope it may flourish in self-expression for some weeks yet.

I was almost alone when I last visited the grounds, while Regent Street, I suppose, was overcrowded for the autumn display. Solitude had its merits. Tea is usually a matter of long and philosophic waiting, when summer and Kew come together, and one is reduced to studying the gift of language in testy old gentlemen. Now, I found the tea-place in its last days for the year, and was for once a valued guest. I saw the staff of gardeners trooping home after their toils, and observed the predominance of type—a slouching gait, due, perhaps, to bending over many weeds, a cloth cap and clothes approximating to the dull, sensible hues of leaf and soil. But here too, youth was innovating. Two young men wore no caps, only their own bright hair.



Dramatis Personæ. No. 122.

By 'Quiz'

LABOUR SUPPORTS HIS SUPPORTERS

ODD TYPES OF STRANGE GROWTH

A PAIR OF COUPLES

BY IVOR BROWN

The Blue Peter. By E. Temple Thurston. The Prince's Theatre.
The Pelican. By F. Tennyson Jesse and H. M. Harwood. The
 Ambassadors' Theatre.

THE theatre moves. Both these plays are aimed at the great heart of the people, not at the lofty foreheads of the few; both have been written with a sharp eye to theatrical values, and one pictures the authors at work by limelight, not by reading-lamp. But both plays refuse absolutely to make the old theatrical assumption that if you get your protagonists on to the altar steps by five minutes to eleven you can ring down the curtain on a felicity more certain than English rain and more durable than Arctic snows. The answer to the problem of the old plays was a lemon-coloured waistcoat and an orange-blossom bouquet, the audience departing happily to the foyer as the couple were bundled through the vestry door. They were married, or about to be married, and there was no more to be said. All doubt was held dishonest and even blasphemous.

In years gone by Mr. G. K. Chesterton has stated, with customary brilliance, the case for regarding marriage as an arduous adventure instead of as a slothful flight from a challenge, and it is hardly necessary to repeat that a wedding's peal of bells may ring in something better than repose. The word sacrament originally meant a soldier's oath, and therefore signified the beginning of a campaign. It is an odd thing to imagine that the story is over when the marching orders are being issued; yet that has been the basis of romantic fiction and romantic plays since sentimentality began to swamp the world. But the theatre, I repeat, does seem to be moving at last. Here are two popular plays, and they both honourably begin when the ink is dry on the marriage lines.

The last statement is not literally true of 'The Blue Peter,' because the first act of that piece is devoted to showing David Hunter's life in wildest Africa before he took a wife and a villa and hung up his bowler hat on the peg of a Liverpool office. It does not seem to be the kind of life many men would be loth to leave behind, for Hunter, as we see him first, is compelled to join battle with some of the forward movement of the backward races while in a high fever, and to handle a rifle in the intervals of swallowing a dose. None the less, there is no accounting for pastimes, and when he had exchanged the banks of the Mersey for the banks of the Niger he began to look upon malaria and rifle-fire as old friends and his wife and children as fetters for his adventurous spirit. Then followed a tug-of-war with home and duty on one side and the call of camp-fire and gold-reef on the other. After a night in a rackets company Hunter nearly burned his bowler and caught his boat; but the wife won by an inch or two.

It may be argued that Mr. Temple Thurston has here built up a dilemma in order to bolt from it, that Hunter's *malaise* will begin again to-morrow, and that in another month he will be as fretful as ever when he plunges for the morning tram to town; that the wife is doomed to eternal service on the domestic cable, and must bind her man to English soil with apron-strings and every scrap of moral and intellectual string which she can command. But the truth is that there is no remedy for the rift in the Hunters' home—he is a wanderer and she is rooted, and that's the tragic humour of it. Mr. Thurston has stated a problem instead of solving it, for the simple reason that there is no conceivable solution. The married life of Mr. and Mrs. Hunter is left with large possibilities of strained tempers and uneasy compositions; in short, it is to be a life that will "take a bit of living"; and so it is true to life, wherein facile solutions and short cuts to felicity do not abound.

This is not to commend 'The Blue Peter' (which, it should be explained for the benefit of land-animals, is the flag that signalizes the ship's departure) as a play

that conforms throughout to the idiom of actual life. Far from it. Mr. Temple's problem is real, but his approach is artificial and his dialogue is studded with the common currency of the stage—those aphoristic generalizations about life that may pass for profound amid the general hot air of the playhouse, but would assuredly get their speaker kicked out of any actual society on which he endeavoured to palm them off. The symbolism, too, of 'The Blue Peter' is drastically overworked; but if the play has limelight failings it has also limelight strength. For those who like flourish and alarums, the first scene is generous in gunpowder and the gabbling of authentic Africans; for those who like to see the seamy side of our local habitations, there is a graphic interior view of night-life near Liverpool Docks; for those who like the give-and-take of domestic strife there is the Hunters' unhappy home, with Mr. George Tully very affable and breezy as the restless husband, and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt shedding upon his wife an intellectual distinction that the honest fellow would have been the first to overlook.

The pelican, so fable says, feeds its young from the blood of its own breast; hence a play of mother-love, suffering terrible things. Take a tale of the law-courts, of the child denied as legitimate by the father (a man of Scottish family) and claimed as born in wedlock by the mother, a French-Canadian lifted to the aristocracy by a war marriage. The father wins. There is a divorce, and the child is bastardized. Then cast your mind's eye to 1936. The mother is a prosperous business woman in France; the father, now General Marcus Heriot, of the War Office, is a lonely man. The boy reverts to Heriot stock, horrifies his mother by his antipathy to the Frenchified education which he has received, and says a soldier's life is the life for him, and the only soldier's life he can conceive is as an officer in the British Army. But how to get him there? In no way save by pulling strings at the War Office, which events lead naturally to a recognition scene—a form of art as old as the hills, and just as safe for all theatrical purposes.

And now what is the father to do? Obviously he must remarry his divorced wife and so legitimize the boy, make him a true Heriot, heir to the baronetcy and the grouse-moors of the Heriot place, "Balcairn." But there are more complications. The lady is on the point of marrying a debonair French financier, one Paul Lauzun. But a baronetcy is a baronetcy, and Balcairn is Balcairn. The pelican must feed its young. She consents to be re-Heriotized. Poor Lauzun!

Of these goings-on one may say that they make effective playhouse situations; that they derive from possibilities and become, by the authors' judicious treatment, probabilities; that the means considered good enough to legitimize the boy (already declared a bastard by an English court of law) seem to a mere layman insufficient, although the law may be different by 1936; and that another (and vitally interesting play) could be written about the Heriots in 1928. The pair seemed to be fairly rich in incompatibility, against which the mother's "pelicanism" would not long endure after her son's rehabilitation. Did she return to Lauzun? Or did the boy have the spirit to go off on his own and so make the whole affair of remarriage unnecessary? Here again the dramatists have not solved the insoluble problems of marriage; but neither have they sentimentalized nor evaded them. They have put a proposition, and the measure of their success is the plausibility with which they have clothed it. So regarded, 'The Pelican' is a creature of some substance, with plentiful life before it. The story is compact and muscular, and the nervous tension of the first act, in which there is a plunge into the mid-stream of action with no explanatory dawdling on the bank, is decently maintained. To this achievement there is handsome contribution from the players, among whom Mr. Fred Kerr champions the elder clansmen, Miss Josephine Victor and Mr. Herbert Marshall middle-age, and Mr. Robert Andrews the youngest generation.

Letters to the Editor

- ¶ The Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW welcomes the free expression in these columns of genuine opinion on matters of public interest, although he disclaims responsibility alike for the opinions themselves and the manner of their expression.
- ¶ Letters which are of reasonable brevity, and are signed with the writer's name, are more likely to be published than long and anonymous communications.
- ¶ Letters on topical subjects, intended for publication the same week, should reach us by the first post on Wednesday.

THEIR FRIENDS THE BOLSHEVISTS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The article, 'Their Friends the Bolsheviks,' in your current issue, states the case admirably, and should appeal to all Englishmen, whether from the point of view of patriotism, humanity, or sane finance.

A few days ago I heard the following warning words from the lips of Dr. Luboff, a Russian lawyer and economist of some fame, on the subject of the Russian loan:

If you lend the money, in the first place, you will never get it back.

In the second place, if you get any of it back, in the form of orders for agricultural and textile machinery, that will enable Russia to become a competitor in your markets, with the effect of increasing unemployment in this country.

And, in the third place, and finally, you haven't got the money to lend; it will have to be raised by taxations.

The closing words of your article, "there is no reason why the thirty or forty million pieces should be taken from the British mint," seemed to me particularly appropriate.

I am, etc.,

Bruges

ERNEST DAWSON

THE FLAG TO FLY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—At the election there are two flags which may be flown. The revolutionary Socialists make enthusiastic use of this Red Flag; why is the Union Jack not more conspicuous? At the Conservative meeting in the Queen's Hall on October 15, there was only one small Union Jack and that was used as a table-cloth. There were none flying in the hall. If a meeting of this kind had been held in the United States, the halls would have been hung with dozens of national flags, which mean so much to an American brought up to the constant use of the flag from childhood. Let the Union Jack be seen more by the children.

I am, etc.,

46 Grosvenor Street, W.1

AN AMERICAN

COMMUNISM AND ITS VICTIMS

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—At this crisis it is, I submit, of prime importance that electors should remember that Communists have declared open war against social order, public discipline, and conciliation between employers and employed.

They have repudiated the Queen's Hall sentence of excommunication and are working throughout the United Kingdom for the return of Labour candidates. Their incitements to crime and insubordination affect many weak and thoughtless readers of Communist literature, who, yielding to temptation, commit felony.

I am, etc.,

6 Adelphi Terrace, W.C.2

EDWARD ATKIN

LAND VALUES TAXATION

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The Conservative and Unionist Party having pronounced against the Taxation of Land Values, while both the Liberal Party and the Labour Party support proposals on those lines, there is a clear issue on this subject before the country.

The Land Union will give any assistance in its power to Unionist candidates who may require literature or information dealing with this special and discriminating form of taxation.

I am, etc.,

E. G. PRETYMAN,
President, The Land Union

15 Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.1

A MISSION OF MERCY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—The British Red Crescent Society has received an appeal for medical help to relieve the suffering among the people of the Riff country, which is especially severe and pathetic among the women and children who are the chief sufferers in the struggle going on in their midst. In the bombing operations carried on by the Spanish aeroplanes they appear invariably to suffer most.

It would be an act of humanity to send a medical mission to these unfortunate people. Besides helping the non-combatant population and the sick and wounded, it would be able to mitigate the hardships of the Spanish prisoners. We regret, however, that the funds of the Society are not adequate for the purpose.

The Committee, therefore, venture to appeal to the generosity of the public, which in the relief of human suffering and distress makes no discrimination of race or religion, for help to send out a properly equipped mission. We feel confident that both the French and Spanish authorities will accord every facility to such a Mission of Mercy.

Contributions are requested to be sent to the Bankers of the Society—Messrs. Coutts & Co., 440 Strand, W.C.—marked for "Riff Medical Mission."

We are, etc.,

LAMINGTON,
AGA KHAN,
AMEER ALI

18 Sloane Street, S.W.1

A QUERY

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW

SIR,—I wonder if any of your readers can give me any clue as to the locality in which the following epitaph is to be found? I have a vague idea that it belongs to East Anglia:

The Tired Old Woman

Here lies an old woman, who always was tired,
She lived in a house where no help was hired;
Her last words on earth were, "Dear friends I am going
Where weeping ain't done, nor churning nor sewing;
And everything there will be just to my wishes,
For where they don't eat, there's no washing of dishes,
And though there, the anthems are constantly ringing
I, having no voice, will get rid of the singing.
Don't mourn for me now, don't mourn for me never
For I am going to do nothing for ever and ever."

I am, etc.,

GORDON HOME

1 King's Bench Walk, Temple, E.C.4

FORTHCOMING EVENTS

EXHIBITIONS

GREATOREX GALLERIES (14 Grafton Street, W.1). Water-colour drawings by C. B. Prescott. Until November 15.
ARLINGTON GALLERIES (22 Old Bond Street, W.1). Memorial Exhibition of Water-colour Pictures and Sketches by the late Percy Dixon, R.I. Tuesday, October 28, and subsequently.

CONCERTS

WIGMORE HALL (Wigmore Street, W.1). Song Recital by Ingo Simon. On Thursday, October 30, at 9 o'clock.

THEATRES

THE OLD VIC. (Waterloo Road, S.E.). 'Othello.' On Saturday, October 25.

ALDWYCH THEATRE (Aldwych, W.C.2). Play Actors in 'The Hayling Family,' by A. N. Monkhouse. On Sunday, October 26.

NEW THEATRE (St. Martin's Lane, W.C.2). 'The Hour and the Man,' by Frank Stayton. On Tuesday, October 28, and subsequently.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE (Haymarket, S.W.1). 'Patricia.' On Friday, October 31, and subsequently.

Reviews

NAPOLEON THE ARTIST

Napoleon. By Elie Faure. Translated by Jeffery E. Jeffery. Constable. 7s. 6d. net.

WITH this book in hand one can abandon for a while the everyday and trodden path of the painstaking historian, and adventure into the sphere of stressful dream. M. Faure is conscious indeed of external history, of happenings recorded, but he elects to be a creative artist, and set forth in subtle prose his poem of the modern Prometheus. Raptly listening to Napoleon's own words about himself, and embodying them as so many "motives" of his mixed pæan and dirge, he begs to be excused all reference to his sources of quotation. He is far overhead in the blue, or the void. And, of course, one may object that, in the lofty chant, he is but executing brilliant variations on themes supplied by the author of 'Thus Spake Zarathustra.' But then have not these themes haunted and dismayed the heart of humanity through the ages? The dire problem of the forceful hero, the king of right and might, has ever been before us. Carlyle and Machiavelli join hands in a sort with the sophist Thrasy-machus in 'The Republic.' The conference between the Melians and the Athenian envoys expresses the policy of the early Empires of River and Plain. Our-selves, we reel under yesterday's effort towards world-domination. Most certainly M. Faure is able to give us the historic thrill, the "sacred horror" in the presence of mystery.

Thus Napoleon, according to M. Faure, is the poet of action, the supreme romantic artist. Deep, durable, unique was his impress upon the material offered. And the material was the herd of men who adored and hated his mighty handling of them, and still are in trepidation at his memory. He is the protagonist in the world-tragedy, since he is guided onwards by illusion to his own ruin and that of myriads. The spiritual hero, with but one rival, says M. Faure, he precipitated the world into the abyss of war, glory, misery. Enigmatical as life itself, who shall understand him, save another Napoleon in some future phase of event? At most a Roederer might listen to and partly comprehend that autonomous being; or Goethe measure, but remain silent. Coming when he did, the poet of action was conditioned by the contemporary frame of things. He saved the French Revolution, and renewed it for wider issues. Organizing France and the world, he had his hours of gloom and doubt, but triumphed over them. Might it not have been better if neither Rousseau nor he had ever existed, he asked. Force is impotent to organize anything, he declared. He acknowledged numerous mistakes, and knew himself involved in contradictions. Lacking harmony within himself, he yet must impose it upon the world. He vaunted his own long maintenance of public, international morality, and as a poet discerned no foundation for it in the absolute. Himself in private life the typical bourgeois, he brought about the reaction and government of the bourgeois which in turn is menaced by the Communists. Liberty and order, aristocracy and democracy, popular rights and the rightful might of the divinely commissioned king of men, how should he reconcile these? He was the artist in war that peace might ensue; loathed slaughter and must ever renew it. He aroused against himself the sense of nationality previously felt by France and England alone. In the name of France and of himself he would mediate between the Teutonic and the Mediterranean races, and establish a classic-romantic rhythm of Latin unity. But this man of the West was also the Oriental and mystic visionary. The mirage beckoned, and he followed. His aim was ever just beyond the horizon. Snatching victory from defeat, and defeated in victory, at length he staggered, intoxicated by his lyrical enthusiasm. He had embraced too much. He prophesied that the world, hearing of

his death, would heave a sigh of relief. He failed, but only as a Titan, a Michelangelo, fails. Pitilessly destroying himself, he did but follow his star. His was the fabular life that reveals deepest knowledge, M. Faure concludes, of the necessity that mankind shall reach out towards harmony, be ever baffled, and still aspire.

It may or may not seem strange that M. Faure, after the experience of the recent war, should suggest if not lay stress upon the need for a French dictator, or even more for one capable of widest domination. That is the French spirit, restless in its desire to combine liberty with equality, given in despair to seek equality and order under the rule of a despot. And one has further to remember that Neo-Romanticism which for not a few years past has obsessed the youthful and ardent in France, Germany, Italy. Behind this poem in prose is a cosmic philosophy recognized or vaguely accepted by many Europeans. According to this philosophy, within and without us, and at the heart of things, a nebulous "It" is discerned, a spirit of life that beckons—whither? Morals are meaningless, M. Faure and others would tell us; it is only the narrow Puritans, English and American, who would object against the hero drawing his potent inspiration from the central fount of Illusion, of Myth. Such a one, "freak" or "criminal in the grand style who knows God's intention," powerfully dictates, and we had best obey. Not that this intention is known to its source and fount; it is in the Titanic poet of action alone that we may read any definite aim. He breaks up the momentary equilibrium of society or imposes a new equilibrium. And in either case all passes, lest life stagnate. Conflict is noble and self-justified. Man's greatness lies in destruction and rebuilding, in the tireless invention of new myths that so his hope may not die. To-day a new equilibrium is of urgency. M. Faure desires a new aristocracy which shall save mankind from that low democracy "under which it has been buried by the laws of Moses for thirty-five centuries." He dedicates his book to the future Napoleon of Universal Revolution who shall be able to impress order upon himself and it. And howsoever we take this invocation of the great artist to come and the philosophy it involves, we are dull indeed if we are not provoked thereby to ponder grave and ultimate questions.

GARNET SMITH

BYRON—A FANTASY

A Byronic Romance. By G. D. de Montmorency. Stockwell. 2s. 6d. net.

TO weave a romance or fantasy round historic personages is always a dangerous adventure. Disraeli wrote 'Venetia' round Shelley and Byron, and some people think it the most charming of his early novels. Miss de Montmorency's booklet is not ambitious and has no pretensions to the rank of a novel. It is merely a short fantasy, giving a glimpse of what Byron's frolics at Newstead in his bachelor days might have been. Byron was very anxious that Moore should see Newstead, invited him several times, and finally made a plan to take the Abbey and Tom on his way to be married at Seaham. For some reason or accident the visit never came off; but Miss de Montmorency is quite entitled for the purpose of creating a background to pretend that it did. The intimate relations between the two poets is happily hit off, for there was no one with whom the shy Byron felt so completely at ease as the Irish pocket Anacreon. The weakness of both bards for petticoats is more than hinted at; and the idea of making a girlish adorer of Byron take refuge from a storm at Newstead, under the impression that it is an ordinary country house, and when enlightened mistake "my lord" for his secretary, seems cleverly borrowed from Goldsmith. Altogether, a dainty little piece of literary fancy, shot with gleams of humour.

AN ENGLISHWOMAN AMONG
BEDOUINS

Arabs in Tent and Town. By A. Goodrich-Freer (Mrs. Spoer). Seeley Service. 21s. net.

MRS. SPOER'S book does not profess to be in any way scientific. It has nothing to say of politics, agitations or ethnology. But it is the result of a long residence among the people with whom it deals and it tells of the minutiae of the life of the Bedouin tribes of Palestine with great charm and brightness. In particular it tries to correct a number of false impressions that the West is tempted to form, as a result of ignorance or prejudice, on forms of life very different from its own. Mrs. Spoer has a detailed knowledge of the life of the Arab woman and assures us that it is by no means the unhappy existence that the Westerner is inclined to regard it as being. We are shown pictures of the harem population gathering in full-throated concourse for an afternoon's shopping and are told a good deal of the Eastern woman's view of life, her little excitements and pleasures and her partnership, in her own sphere, with her husband in the management of house and children. Mrs. Spoer perhaps does not convince us altogether in her defence of the harem. The eastern woman may be happy enough, but one wonders whether the content in a spirit which prompts an ageing wife to request her husband to take a new bride, to the end of increasing his family, is not rather worse than downright unhappiness.

From the life of human beings the authoress wanders to descriptions of birds, beasts, flowers and plants. She has two long chapters on the camel, his genealogy, his uses and the stories about him, which are distinctly entertaining. The Eastern donkey, too, has his share of anecdotes. Much of the writer's information is put in the form of communications from a servant, Alia, with whom she consults in the easy-going democratic style of the East. Alia's life-story and her frequent comments on events and persons provide not a few of the interesting stories of the book. Some of them are not unfamiliar and perhaps Mrs. Spoer ought not to have served us up a warmed-up edition of the story of the merchant who understood the speech of animals.

Of the actual trials and risks of life in the East from the Westerner's point of view the writer has a good deal that is interesting and useful to say. Incidentally many readers may be interested to have her advice on the subject of what may be called—to unify its vagaries of nomenclature—the "geographical" boil, a form of skin disease communicated by a specific bacillus. In the writer's opinion special treatment, though it may effect a more speedy cure, often enough results in the perpetuation of a scar which would have disappeared had the simpler method been adopted of merely wrapping up the boil and waiting patiently for it to subside.

OLD LONDON INNS

London Inns and Taverns. By Leopold Wagner. Allen and Unwin. 7s. 6d. net.

THE inns of London have often been explored by the antiquary, but Mr. Wagner is fairly entitled to have his say. He has gone deeper than most of them into well-concealed nooks, and is able to recreate the past with those touches of detail that make it lifelike. He can discover associations with Titus Oates, the Old Pretender and Sir Cloudesley Shovel, a change after the ten times repeated traces of Dickens and Johnson. He tells us about the old coaches, including the detail that Snow Hill is a corruption of "Snore Hill," due to sleepy passengers. The social critic can see in his pages the rise, long success, and decline of the tavern. Several have been swallowed up by banking premises, and others have been supplanted by the

smart restaurant and the club. The old type of Bohemian journalist no longer regales himself with *à la mode* beef; politicians do not dine at Greenwich; and the music-halls which gave a sound meal are only a memory. Mr. Wagner works out interestingly the connexion between entertainments and taverns, and recalls the enterprise of Charles Morton, a shrewd man of business who looked in old age as venerable as Barnum.

The coffee-houses suggested the journalism of Addison and Steele. In our modern palaces of tea the jazz band is loud enough to destroy any continued conversation. Seneca disapproved of music when he was eating, and there is much to be said for his view. The modern tavern is lavish in golden trappings, but it lacks the personal attentions of a landlord who treats his clients as guests and friends. Sound resorts for eating and drinking are apt to be dingy compared with fashionable haunts, and English meat is now expensive enough without the extra costs due to fripperies which Johnson would have scorned. We live in an age of chatter and smatter, and we have the garish establishments we deserve. The earlier ways can be gathered from Mr. Wagner's learned pages. London was then more picturesque and had the galleried inns of which the 'George' in the Borough is now the sole survival. Life was ruder and rougher, but men had more liberty to enjoy themselves as they pleased. At present, the restrictive legislation is often queer in its decisions.

Mr. Wagner rather spoils his researches by his fondness for journalese. He calls Milo of Crotona the "Cretonian," and makes Richard Quiney the son-in-law of Shakespeare. It was his son who married Judith Shakespeare. Milton's verses on the carrier Hobson are hardly "a noble panegyric to his memory." They are meant to be humorous, and are full of frigid quips which no one could describe as noble.



ROTAX

Britain's Best

LIGHTING & STARTING EQUIPMENTS

in part or complete

IT is the excellence of each "Part" that makes Rotax complete Equipments successful, and such sound value for money. The utility of the "Parts" enumerated is unquestionable, and we sincerely recommend them.

LIGHTING SETS FROM £17-0-0
LIGHTING & STARTING SETS
 from £28-0-0

1. HEAD LAMP.	
8-INCH	Price per pair £7-0-0
7-INCH	" " £5-0-0
6-INCH	" " £3-15-0
2. SIDE LAMP.	
KT16	Price per pair £2-5-0
3. TAIL LAMP.	
KT18	Price each 11/-
Gradual Regulation.	
4. LIGHTING SWITCH.	
Complete with flex 15/- each	
5. DASH LAMP.	
Price	10/- each
6. SPARE PART CASE.	
Price per box complete	£1-2-6

Write us . . . To-day.

ROTAX (Motor Accessories) Ltd
 WILLESDEN JUNG., LONDON, N.W.10

New Fiction

BY GERALD GOULD

The Grub Street Nights Entertainments. By J. C. Squire. Hodder and Stoughton. 7s. 6d. net.

The Golden Bed. By Wallace Irwin. Putnam. 7s. 6d. net.

Messalina. By Vivian Crockett. Cape. 7s. 6d. net.

Schooling. By Paul Selver. Jarrolds. 7s. 6d. net.

WHAT is this fame, about which folk so mightily exercise themselves? It is a spur, we know,

that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days.

But, like honour in Falstaff's analysis, it "hath no skill in surgery": it has no very convincing reply either to the idealists who rate it at a pinch of dust or to the hedonists who

often wonder what the vintners buy
One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

The spirits it raises are not always clear: some of them are gross and muddy. Thus Thackeray was able to pour ungrammatical but finely poetical scorn on Napoleon, after that conqueror had gone from the fields of power:

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

It is a curious fact that literary men, whose business, one would suppose, leads them constantly to such rational speculation on the lapse of reputations and the irony of aeons, should be as much concerned with personal fame as any. Said Tennyson:

Ah, God! the petty fools of rhyme
That shriek and sweat in pigmy wars
Before the stony face of Time,
And look'd at by the silent stars.

Mr. J. C. Squire, in his 'Grub Street Nights Entertainments,' demonstrates that the itch and ache for fame may be touching, and far from ignoble; he pours no Tennysonian scorn on those who seek recognition and ensue it; but, like Tennyson, he puts the results in a just and therefore devastating perspective. Several of his stories deal with the pangs of despised authorship: in one, 'The Cemetery,' he has had the dreadful but amusing idea of setting an unsuccessful poet to write his own obituary, in preparation for his own death, for the columns of an important paper. The poet yields to the temptation to say what he believes to be the truth about himself, and then goes out and contemplates suicide: "He had prepared for his death: why not die?"—"Yes; this was the natural sequel to his preparations, the final polish of his justifiable revenge." But he overhears a girl say to a young man: "Well, we may be hard up, but it's good to be alive." And the miracle happens:

The phrase was not new to Lionel Crewe. But somehow he had never properly taken it in before. He was on the verge of suicide and it assumed a new force. Good to be alive; yes, it was good to be alive! There was the sun, there were the barges; there were the stone walls and the water poppling past them; there were the people and the trams, the farther shore and the sky. They all shone with beauty and mystery, and as, with a palpitating heart, he drank the spectacle in, his thoughts began ranging the whole universe of his experience. Life; how multitudinous and how rich it was! His own hand, lying on the stone, was a wonder. Everything he had ever seen was a wonder. . . .

. . . He had been going to his death; and why? Simply for fame, a fame which he would not see. . . . The very fame of Homer, he saw, would dwindle and die in a geological age; what did it matter, whether long or short? He was bothering, he now knew, over something that did not matter. . . .

Then there is Ambrose Hilton, in 'The Success,' a most moving tale about a man who lets slip the one

chance of a companion who would understand him; and Alfred Winter, in 'The Lecture,' reaching out—not without the assistance of alcohol—towards reality from amidst an enervating popularity; and poor old Hoffman, the bad writer so hugely, heroically, insanely sure of his own merits, in 'The Painful Dilemma.' Mr. Squire has other themes as well: the proportion between truth and dream is the central one.

The writing is of a quiet and easy beauty which is so effortless that it conceals itself, as writing should, in the interest of what is written: humour, sentiment and romance are all naturally and by right within that compass:

The Old High Street, full of gables of all periods reduced to one antiquity in the cold and brilliant moonlight, was empty of traffic, an avenue of mottled silver and dark shadows.

"Reduced to one antiquity"! It is the sort of perfection of phrase which men pine for, but which never comes save of its own accord. And then there is the description of the lighted windows:

Warmth, security, gentle companionship were there; but he, an outcast, was walking friendless in a strange town.

Who does not know the feeling? And could it be better told?

The other three books under review belong to well-defined types; and the type I like least of the three, perhaps because it is becoming ubiquitous, is that represented by 'The Golden Bed.' The number of self-made men who unmake themselves by passionate devotion to unworthy young women is, if we are to judge by fiction, alarming; and perhaps even more so in America than here. The story of the rise in life of the poor boy who from childhood loves a horrid parasitic girl and so is for a long time blind to the chance of happiness offered by the girl who truly loves him—surely one has met that before? It seems familiar. Not that I think 'The Golden Bed' derivative; the facts stated are possible enough, and so lie open as a theme to anybody; but I feel sure I am right in insisting on the prevalence of the *type*. 'The Golden Bed,' however, is a good specimen of it.

'Messalina' is a historical novel, as indeed its title indicates. It is an imaginative reconstruction, evidently not made without a due study of authorities; it is very well written; it presents, in brief, a good and interesting picture; but it is not as exciting as its subject would seem to promise. It conveys, at least to me, none of the divine heat of the creative imagination. But it too is a praiseworthy specimen of its type.

And so again, lastly, is 'Schooling.' Mr. Selver writes with such energy and humour that it is difficult to stop reading his story once you begin it. His allusive and facetious style sometimes defeats itself: sometimes it appears to be modelled on Mr. Wells at his more quizzical:

We have breakfast ah pah sem, chapel ah pah state, morning school nine to ah paws twelve. . . .

But in the main it is fresh and effective, though the comic headmaster, with his sarcasms and his sermonizing, has been done so often that it seems scarcely worth while to do him again, especially as he is a rare and dying bird: he was done admirably in 'Vice Versa,' and incomparably in an early chapter of 'Pendennis.' Mr. Selver tells his story from the standpoint of the assistant-masters' common-room, thus reminding one inevitably of 'Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill'; but he does not dive as remorselessly into character and mood and nerves as Mr. Walpole; he is more content to describe happenings from outside. We are not given much "boy-psychology": the boys flit by in the background. The hero, of course, must come up to London and meet the figures of Bohemia, and his first adventure in sexual experience must be described: it is expected of every book nowadays: and Mr. Selver has no new way of doing it. But his way of presenting the life of a grammar-school is new, because it is fresh, vital and his own. It has the great double merit of being both obviously sincere and delightfully entertaining.

Nature's Wonderful Triumph Over Illness

200,000 Cases Cured Entirely Without Medicine

It gives me the greatest pleasure to invite all readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW, whether living at home or abroad, who are suffering from illness, to learn without cost or obligation to themselves about the Natural Curative Physical Culture method of obtaining Perfect Health. I shall advise them confidentially by letter how they can, by small cost in time or money, follow out the system which originally built me up from a puny, delicate boy into a manhood of such



The Entrance to the most wonderful Curative Establishment in the world—THE SANDOW INSTITUTE. Within its portals has been achieved the most notable advance of Curative Science. During the last 25 years more than 200,000 ailing people have been rendered healthy, strong and capable of enjoying life, work and play to the full—all without any operation, medicine, drastic dietary or other unpleasant experience.

health and strength as to win for me the name of being the "Strongest Man in the World." How that health and strength has been maintained by my system may be judged from two portraits of myself which appear on this page; the one was taken 25 years ago, and the other recently.

For those who cannot call, owing to distance of residence, I have prepared a series of illustrated treatises, written in popular language, explaining how the Sandow Method overcomes and eradicates many of the most prevalent complaints.

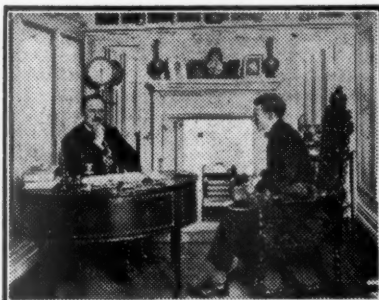
Special Arrangements for CONSULTATION

WITHOUT FEE OR OBLIGATION

To Readers of the "Saturday Review" wherever they live,

By EUGEN SANDOW

(The Great Exponent of the Nature Cure).



Mr. Eugen Sandow is celebrating the Silver Jubilee of his World-Famous Institute at 32 St. James' Street, London, S.W., for the Cure of Illness without Medicine by granting Free Consultations Daily between 11 and 1.30 and 3.30 and 5.30 (Saturday 11 to 1), at which he personally interviews and advises sufferers from any of the complaints mentioned on this page how they can, at quite small cost in time or money, regain perfect health by natural means without medicine. To those who cannot call, Mr. Sandow will post Free a treatise specially dealing with the sufferer's complaint upon receiving the SATURDAY REVIEW Coupon printed below.

The treatment which I recommend involves only a few minutes a day of simple, light bodily movements, which can be undertaken by the most delicate invalid lady, as well as by the strongest man who may have fallen out of condition, for my treatment is such that it is adapted in each case to the exact needs and strength or weakness of the sufferer.

My advice to readers of the SATURDAY REVIEW if suffering from any of the troubles mentioned below is to come and see me at 32 St. James' Street, London, S.W., or write to me without delay.



AT 30 YEARS OF AGE.



AT 55 YEARS OF AGE.

No more remarkable testimony to the efficacy of the Sandow System of Health Creation and Health Maintenance could possibly be found than its effects as displayed in the person of its distinguished author, Eugen Sandow. Think of it—25 years had elapsed between the taking of these two photographs! The same method which has done this for him is now at the disposal of every Out-of-Health reader of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

It will be the first step for you towards that perfect health by means of which alone you can enjoy both the duties and pleasures of life to the full extent to which every Man, Woman and Child is entitled.

PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT AND FIGURE CULTURE.

Case No. 11,478. Mr. R. G. C., aged 18.

I am more than satisfied. I have increased 6½ in. round the chest, and my height has gone up ¾ in.

THE VOICE OF THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

More than 700 Doctors recommend patients to consult and follow Mr. Sandow's advice.

A distinguished Specialist says:—"I have watched with keen delight the development of the science of physical training."

Extracts from a few of the hundreds of letters received from doctors: "The subjects with which you deal are most important to the coming generation."

"I can see that you have got to the bottom of the Riddle of Disease, and its consequences. The future, I feel sure, will be full of changes, not only for the medical profession but for the entire people in their relationship towards those who seek to instruct them."

"You are very right and I like your teaching."

"I quite agree that your methods will go a long way to improve the condition of health, and have for some years back instructed my patients to go in for your line of treatment."

If your Trouble is Mentioned Here

Write To-day for a FREE COPY of whichever of SANDOW'S GUIDES TO PERFECT HEALTH deals with your complaint. These are the Treatises in SANDOW'S HEALTH LIBRARY, one of which will be sent you FREE on REQUEST.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA

Case No. A 23,360. Mr. D. H., aged 21.

My liver is now in proper order. My appetite is quite good; so also is my digestion, and everything is satisfactory. The Treatment has cured me.

Case No. A 37,558. Mr. J. E. M., aged 38.

I have had no digestive trouble of any kind. I consider this nothing less than remarkable. There has been a marked improvement in my general health, and altogether I feel most grateful to you for what you have done for me.

NEURASTHENIA.

Case No. A 32,647. Miss M. W. P., Aberdeen, aged 36.

I am very grateful to you for the careful way in which my lessons were compiled, for instead of the wreck I felt at the beginning of the course, I now feel in splendid condition.

Case No. C 30,455. Rev. F., aged 81.

I am now in splendid health. Feel strong and vigorous, walk miles daily. My heartfelt gratitude to "Sandow" that it is so. The exercises seem a part of my daily life, and I delight in them. People keep telling me how smartly I walk. I say: "Yes, it is Sandow who gives me strength to do so."

LIVER TROUBLES.

Case No. A 32,672. Mrs. M. C., Mickleover, aged 47.

The liver is also much more active, and I am able to get through my work without feeling real exhaustion, and now I am becoming ambitious.

HEART AFFECTIONS.

Case No. A 33,042. Mr. D. E., Brynmaman, aged 49.

The doctor was here last Saturday with one of my little children, and I asked him to examine me, and he said that my heart is better than he ever knew it.

LUNG AND CHEST COMPLAINTS.

Case No. AD 22,935.

Your exercises seem to be working wonders with my lungs and chest, and are no doubt fortifying me against the rigours of an English winter.

Case No. A 38,063. Miss G. McC., aged 21.

Mrs. McCross writes: My daughter has kept free from Asthmatic seizures since she commenced your exercises, and at no time during the period has she taken any drugs. Our Family Doctor approves and admits there is an improvement in her.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT.

Case No. A 29,340.

It is with much gratitude that I can really say you have cured me of my complaint. I walk quite straight, no limping, and I have enjoyed myself this year more than I have done for the past 20 years.

FILL IN AND FORWARD TO-DAY

THIS "SATURDAY REVIEW" ENTITLING COUPON for Free Copy of the Sandow Guide to Health and PERSONAL LETTER of ADVICE on your case by Mr. SANDOW.

Please send me your book on

My occupation is My age is

Name (Please say Mr., Mrs., or Miss or Title)

Address

Oct. 25. To EUGEN SANDOW, 32 St. James' St., S.W.1.

INSOMNIA.

Case No. A 32,946. Mrs. L. T., New Kent Road, aged 30.

I sleep well and enjoy my food and have a good appetite, whereas before taking your advice I was told I did not eat enough to keep a canary alive. Sleep for 7½ hours, and when you consider that for years and years I have not managed two hours' sleep (per night) you will see that the improvement is really excellent.

ANAEMIA.

Case No. A 23,465. Miss V. F., aged 23.

General health much improved. Appetite much better. Have more energy and strength. Altogether I feel better in every way than I have done for years, and all my friends remark how much better I am looking.

CONSTIPATION.

Case No. 31,861. S.S., aged 31.

Before your treatment I was always taking aperients to keep my bowels in order. During the past six months my bowels have been regular and easy.

PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN MEN. PHYSICAL DEFORMITIES IN WOMEN.

Case No. BB 053. Lady, aged 26.

Improvement still maintained; the curvature at bottom of the back is gone, shoulders are now level, and general health splendid.

THE VOICE OF TRUTH An Historic Certificate.

"We find that the Sandow Treatment has completely achieved the object for which it was undertaken in no fewer than 94 per cent. of cases, and satisfactory improvement was produced in 99 per cent. of cases."

Over 200,000 Successfully Treated Cases! 40,000 Cases of Neurasthenia. 40,000 Cases of Indigestion. 30,000 Cases of Constipation. 20,000 Cases of Liver Trouble. 12,000 Cases of Obesity. 7,000 Cases of Heart Trouble. 5,000 Cases of Lung and Chest Complaints. 5,000 Cases of Rheumatism and Gout. 4,000 Cases of Anaemia. 7,000 Cases of Lack of Vigour. 6,000 Cases of Insomnia. 4,000 Cases of Spinal Curvature and other Physical Defects.

Physical Development and General Fitness

Tens of Thousands of Men and Women made Physically Fit and Strong to carry on their occupations, as well as many thousands of Delicate and Ill-developed Boys and Girls made perfectly Healthy and Strong.

The Quarterlies

The *Quarterly* for October opens with a study of 'The Church of England as it is,' which emphasizes the total estrangement between clergy and laity the Anglo-Catholic movement has brought about. A clergy which relies on its orders instead of its learning, and dreams of Disestablishment without Disendowment, is one for which this nation has no use. Mr. Thomas Moul's article on 'Joseph Conrad' lays stress on the Slav side of his genius; Mr. George Sampson narrates the history of 'Opera in England' concisely and well, with the proper tribute to Sir Thomas Beecham; Mr. C. E. Lawrence shows the effect that Chaucer's personality has produced on a charming writer who is evidently not a Chaucerian scholar. Dr. Lyttelton writes on 'Sport and Sportsmanship,' and Mr. William Miller in 'The Return of the Turks' argues the case of the Greeks extremely well. Prof. J. H. Morgan in 'The Disarmament of Germany and After' shows the steady determination of the German authorities to maintain an army in training far beyond the standard settled by the Treaty of Versailles. A very good number.

The *Edinburgh* gives the place of honour to an account of the two centuries of 'The House of Longman,' which shows the honourable part it has played in the development of our literature. Lord Ernle, taking as his text Mr. Esdaile's bibliography of English novels and romances printed before 1740, describes the light reading of our ancestors in 'A Book-Box of Novels, 1688-1727'; Mr. Michael Sadleir revives the memory of a novelist hardly yet forgotten in 'Henry Kingsley: A Portrait.' Like Cromwell's painter he has not left out the wars—one is left with the impression that he was all wars. Dr. Lyttelton describes 'Cambridge Fifty Years Ago' and leads up to a plea for some considered scheme in our higher education; Mr. E. M. Nicholson deals with 'The Victorian in Perspective,' perhaps a little prematurely. A first-rate paper by Mr. D. H. Stewart on 'An Industrial Counter-Revolution' continues and modifies the teaching of Ruskin and Morris without mentioning their names; and Mr. William King writes both learnedly and interestingly on 'Early Chinese Pottery,' reviewing the recent publications on the subject.

The *Scottish Historical Review* contains a paper by Sir P. J. Hamilton-Grierson on 'The Judicial Committees of the Scottish Parliaments 1369-1544'; a very inconclusive note on the destruction of the monuments of Iona by Mr. Macphail, who, however, seems to have settled the date; an account of some interesting Papal documents among the Hamilton papers (they can hardly have been all of them Bulls in the proper sense); an excellent note on 'The Norsemen of the Hebrides' by Canon MacLeod, which incidentally attributes the holding of lands by the Clan Chieftains to Norse descent and not to seizure of the common property of the clan; and a most interesting study of 'The Earliest Records of the Scottish Tongue' by Prof. Craigie, in preparation for the projected *Scottish Dictionary*. An unusually strong number.

The *Criterion* gives us an unusually good set of papers. Mr. John Shand in 'Some Notes on Joseph Conrad' gives us a sound piece of literary criticism far removed from the indiscriminate eulogies of the last few weeks. Mr. D. H. Lawrence gives us a study of temperament in 'Jimmy and the Desperate Woman.' Mr. F. W. Bain re-examines the events of '1789' with some originality of standpoint, and M. Ramon Fernandez has an illuminating study of 'The Experience of Newman' and the criticism of M. Brémont in his *Essai*. Mr. Conrad Aiken's poem is 'Psychomachia.'

Science Progress, in addition to its valuable summaries of 'Recent Advances in Science' and a number of mathematical and chemical papers, contains an account by Dr. E. V. Cowdry of 'Art and Medicine in China,' very interesting and well documented. Mr. F. W. R. Brambell writes on 'Sex-Determination in Birds,' experiments on which seem to offer the readiest path to a solution of the problem. Sir Ronald Ross in a "Proconary"—a useful word—states the case for some national reward for discovery. Mr. A. Leitch reviews some recent books on 'Cancer: Fact and Fancy,' making short work with their statements and arguments. The reviews are authoritative and full enough to be useful to intending purchasers.

Foreign Affairs is one of the most valuable of recent publications. English readers will find the articles on 'Ten Years of War and Peace' by Mr. A. C. Coolidge, 'Soviet Policy on the European Border' by Mr. Robert F. Kelley, 'Canada and Downing Street' by Mr. J. A. Stevenson of especial interest and value to them, being well-informed and looking at things from a different angle.

Among other quarterlies we have received the *Anglo-Hungarian Review*, of which this is to be the final issue, with some information on the intellectual life of the country and an account of the Slovaks; the *Congregational Quarterly* in which a paper on 'The Chinese Mind and the Christian Message' is of general interest; the *Yale Review* with verse by Mr. W. H. Davies and others, a paper on the first American publication of *Rasselas*, and on the young American who sent it to Dr. Johnson; others on the work of Miss May Sinclair and Mr. Galsworthy; and Mr. G. M. Trevelyan on 'History and Literature.' The *Menorah Journal* devoted mainly to Jewish thought has an imaginary conversation between Mr. Norman Douglas and Mr. Louis Golding in Capri—the subject being 'Judaism and Paganism.'

Acrostics

PUBLISHERS' PRIZE

For the Acrostic Competition there is a weekly prize:—A Book (selected by the competitor) reviewed in that issue of the *SATURDAY REVIEW* in which the problem was set.

RULES

1. The price of the book chosen must not exceed a guinea; it must be named by the solver when he sends his solution, and be published by a firm whose name is on the list printed on this page in our first issue of each month.

2. The coupon for the week must be enclosed.

3. Envelopes must be marked "Competition," and addressed to the Acrostic Editor, *SATURDAY REVIEW*, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2.

Competitors not complying with these Rules will be disqualified.

Awards of Prizes.—When solutions are of equal merit, the result will be decided by lot.

Under penalty of disqualification, competitors must intimate their choice of book when sending solutions, which must reach us not later than the Friday following publication.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 138.

ARCHITECT, PAINTER, OF ENDURING FAME;

"IN COMMON, WHAT?" TWELVE LETTERS IN THEIR NAME?

1. A sport for dwellers by the river-side.
2. This monstrous bloom Sumatran jungles hide.
3. The tree (a *Rhus*) that varnish yields, or lacquer.
4. With sword he proved himself a doughty hacker.
5. Such was the wife of whom bold Jason boasted.
6. Emblem of innocence; we eat him roasted.
7. This game, for high stakes played, has cost men dear.
8. All honour to the gallant pioneer!
9. Here grow the works that bring the artist fame.
10. In France a castle passes by this name.
11. Bacon and ham he yields us, bristles, lard.
12. Some dozens you will find in every yard.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 136.

"THE WISEST, BRIGHTEST, MEANEST OF MANKIND"

AND SAGE OF MALMESBURY LINKED YOU HERE WILL FIND.

1. Forth at his fell approach poor Bunny springs.
2. A widow fair, progenitress of kings.
3. In the same manner, likewise, too, as well.
4. Reverse the least erect of them that fell.
5. The "squiffer" that delighted Miss Delaney.
6. A suit that's this to damp suits climates rainy.
7. What without me would arms and legs avail?
8. Now from an ugly ape please clip the tail.
9. A vestment priests at solemn service wear.
10. Useless to him whose head's devoid of hair.
11. Designed the wooden serpent to replace.
12. Patent to all the world, as nose on face.

Solution to Acrostic No. 136.

F	erre	T	
R	ut	H ¹	1 Widow of Chilion, and great-grandmother of David.
A	ls	O	
N	omma	M ²	2 Mammon led them on;
C	oncertin	A ³	3 Mammon, the least erected Spirit that fell From Heaven.
I	mpervious	S	
S	tomac	H ⁴	4 Paradise Lost, Book I.
B	abo	On	5 "Fanny's First Play," Act. I
A	l	B	6 See Æsop: "The Belly and the Members."
C	om	B	7 "A brass wind instrument invented to supersede the serpent."
O	phicleid	E ⁸	
N	otoriou	S	

ACROSTIC No. 136.—The winner is Mr. G. E. Matheson, Boskerris Vean, Carbis Bay, Cornwall, who has selected as his prize 'Crossings,' by Walter de la Mare, published by Collins and reviewed in our columns on October 11 under the title 'A Sip of Fairy Wine.' Five other competitors chose this book, 30 named 'Memories of the Twentieth Century,' 17 'The Old Ladies,' 15 'Figures in Modern Literature,' 10 'The Science and Practice of Oil Painting,' etc., etc.

Correct solutions were also received from Carlton, St. Ives, Old Mancunian, Nosredla, Zyk, M. Kingsford, Dolmar, and Alphonse.

ONE LIGHT WRONG: Jasper, Pussv, Trike, Ouis, E. Edwards, Melville, C. A. S., Lillian, Ornlie, Ickerton, Sievphus, Gabriel, Met, N. O. Sellam, Athos, W. R. Wolselev, L. M. Maxwell, Martha, Carrie, J. Chambers, E. Barrett, Baitho, R. H. Keate, and Gay.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG: H. M. Vaughan, Tyro, Beechworth, Rev. H. Solway, Oakapple, J. D. T., Barberrv, Sir Reginald Egerton, R. C. Hart-Davis, L. Jenkins, A. M. W. Maxwell, Hanworth, Nausicaa, Gunton, Doric, John Lennie, T. E. Thomas, F. I. Morcom, Springhill, Dodeka, W. Hogg, M. G. Woodward, and F. M. Petty. All others more.

Lights 7, 12, 5, 11, and 4 puzzled many solvers.

Answers to Correspondents are held over owing to pressure on our space.

Motoring INCREASED POPULARITY

By H. THORNTON RUTTER

THE Ministry of Transport has issued, through its Finance Department, an approximate analysis of motor-tax receipts from December 1, 1923, to August 31, 1924. It is an illuminating document, especially when it is compared with the motor taxation return issued for the same period twelve months ago. Then, 1,131,565 motor vehicle licences existed and produced £12,195,167. The present return shows that on August 31 this year the total number of motor vehicles licensed was 1,326,348 and taxation produced £13,903,375. Sir Henry Maybury, in a public speech last week, stated that the total yearly amount was expected to reach fifteen and a half million pounds sterling. As the return is only for nine months, no doubt his estimate will prove correct. This is a large sum of money to take from the motor user, who usually pays high taxes in other directions, especially when, as public men have recently stated, the well-being of the industry requires that it should be as little hampered as possible. Private cars, taxed £1 per horse-power, produced £6,646,704 out of the total of approximately fourteen millions. This is an increase of slightly over ninety-thousand cars since the return made twelve months ago for the same period—an annual increment far exceeding that expected by even the most sanguine supporter of motoring.

* * *

Turning to the details of this return, it is interesting to note that the first and second quarters gave a total of 140,083 cars using quarterly licences, while the summer quarter, the third quarter in the return, only

produced 67,408 of these quarterly payments, though the part year payments accounted for 120,343 cars, both of these two items making, with the 285,777 annual licences issued, the total of nearly four hundred and seventy-four thousand cars taxed on a horse-power basis. The average receipt in respect of a whole year's licence was £16 in comparison with £16 18s. 6d. the previous year for cars taxed on the horse-power basis, and £2 13s. for motor cycles as against £2 11s. 6d. for the same period. Commercial goods vehicles on August 31 numbered 203,156 and paid in taxes £3,946,555, their average tax being £20 16s. 6d. as against £21 7s. for the previous year, while hackney motors at present number 94,153 producing £1,982,469, average £27 19s. per vehicle for their licence in comparison with £25 11s. 6d. These figures clearly show that the average horse-power of the private motor carriage is falling, while that of the motor cycle and the hackney motor vehicle is increasing; evidently, therefore, taxicabs, charabancs, and motor omnibuses are carrying more passengers and using larger engines. On the other hand, the commercial motor vehicle is developing more on the light van side than on the five to seven ton lorry, as the tax paid amounts to nearly 10s. less per vehicle this year than last.

* * *

Under the existing legislation, rebates are allowed in respect of pre-1913 engines on cars taxed on the horse-power basis. It is only by comparing these figures from year to year that it is possible to form any estimate of the number of motor vehicles which are scrapped annually. In the return for December 1, 1922, to August 31, 1923, the rebates allowed in the period amounted approximately to £164,000. The recent return over the same period to 1924 states that

Sunbeam

Olympia—and After

ANOTHER Motor Show has come and gone; and once again the British car has held its own with the cream of the automobile industry of the world.

The supremacy of the Sunbeam is as marked to-day as ever. Its increasing reputation the world over is evidence of its absolute reliability.

On the road, on the track, wherever motorists foregather, there is unrestricted praise for

THE SUPREME SUNBEAM

Models 12/30 h.p. four-cylinder
14/40 h.p. four-cylinder
fitted with four-wheel brakes.
20/60 h.p. six-cylinder
fitted with four-wheel brakes.

Prices of complete cars from £570.

THE SUNBEAM MOTOR CAR CO., LTD.,
Moorfield Works, WOLVERHAMPTON.

London Showrooms & Export Dept.: 12 PRINCES ST., HANOVER SQ., W.1
Manchester Showrooms: 106 DEANSGATE

Special models are made for use overseas embodying modifications for particular markets.
Full particulars can be obtained from the Export Department, 12 Princes Street, Hanover Square, W.1.

the rebate allowed in respect of pre-1913 engines was approximately £143,000, showing that £21,000 less was refunded; consequently eighty-four thousand horsepower has been cast on the scrap heap. As, however, the rebate is made on commercial vans as well as on pleasure cars, it is difficult to say what is the wastage of any particular class of vehicle per annum. Taking the 16 h.p. vehicle as the average pleasure car used to-day, according to the taxation returns, something over five thousand pleasure cars over eleven years old are discarded annually. Though motor cycles have now increased to 495,579 as compared to 430,138, the increase of 65,441 in the twelve months is not as great as the increase in cars, which are fast nearing the same total as this small and useful means of locomotion. Motor cars, commercial motor vehicles, and motor cycles have multiplied so fast that there will soon be an outcry for reduced taxation such as no Government, of whatever political conviction, will be able to withstand. It is all very well to state that the money is well spent on the roads and in providing employment for labourers out of work; but the original demand of eight and a half million pounds sterling per annum has been nearly doubled, and neither the industry nor the user can afford this. Even the hackney motor car-

riages paid nearly two millions in the nine months, which, however, seems a small contribution compared to the eight million pounds sterling paid by cars and motor cycles which do far less damage to the road than their commercial brethren.

* * *

The present motor exhibition at Olympia, which terminates to-day, has certainly revealed that the pleasure car is being built lighter and fitted with a form of tyre that is too soft to destroy the road surface. Hooper's coachwork, even on the most expensive and high-class chassis, is to-day built very much lighter than it was ten years ago, while at the same time it retains all its comfort and luxuriousness. Further, the light fabric panelled saloon still helps to reduce weight, though it is not as inexpensive to construct as was at first imagined; the light saloons shown on various stagings cost nearly as much as the stiffer and more solid metal panelled bodies constructed on the more orthodox lines. It is in the lightness that the saving is made, which is beneficial both to the chassis and the roads they traverse. With cheaper petrol, cheaper cars, lighter coachwork and softer low pressure tyres, the motoring community appear to have an excellent case to present to the next Chancellor of the Exchequer in favour of taxation on the horse-power basis being reduced from the present one pound per horse-power per annum to fifteen shillings. It is no good asking Parliamentary candidates to promise to support such a recommendation; they will always agree to it on the platform, but when the matter comes before Parliament they find that the Treasury has some argument that they cannot assail for the continuance, without reduction, of this road tax. The late House of Commons had already passed a pious resolution that the most equitable method of taxation for the motor car user was to substitute for the present method a tax of so much per gallon on motor spirit. There are still some deluded motorists who believed that this resolution was going to bring forth the reform for which they asked. The sooner they realize that there will be no fuel tax and concentrate their efforts in asking for a reduced horse-power tax, the better will be the chance of some move being made in that direction.

* * *

Brooklands will have to look to its laurels next season, for Paris has inaugurated its mile-and-a-half concrete motor track at Montlhéry. British drivers were paid the compliment of being asked to assist at the opening, and performed so many skilful feats in driving that they were actually the star turns of the meeting. France is very clever in managing these affairs; it appears that there was a far greater attendance of the public at Montlhéry than is usual at Brooklands, and the Grand Stand arrangements were much better. Unfortunately, Brooklands was not built by a showman, but by a scientist whose only desire was to improve the breed of the motor. In that it has far exceeded his expectations, and it is to be hoped that it will receive increased support now that a rival has appeared on the field. The Paris track, however, will be beneficial in collecting a new set of racing cars, which will doubtless come over to this country with the hope of gaining some of our prizes. During the past few years, only about half-a-dozen brand new racers, specially built for the purpose, have appeared at Weybridge. Now there is a track in Paris, another in Italy, at Monza, and our own particular Brooklands. We hope that at least a dozen new vehicles will be racing next season; the public is somewhat tired of seeing the same old cars race year after year, however swift they may have become.

There is much to interest you on the



STAND

at OLYMPIA

No. 434 (Gallery).



The CAR of DISTINCTION

The charm of the Minerva sleeve valve engine lies not only in its smooth power and silence, but in the fact that it actually improves with extended use. With chassis and bodywork in keeping with so perfect a power unit the Minerva can justly claim a place in the front rank of the world's cars.

CHASSIS WITH TYRES

15 H.P. 4-cyl.	16 H.P. 4-cyl.	20 H.P. 6-cyl.	30 H.P. 6-cyl.
£395	£440	£650	£800

16, 20, and 30 H.P. Models are fitted with four wheel brakes.

COMPLETE CARS:

Saloon Saloon Enclosed Landulette or Limousine.

£660	£740	£1,100	£1,250
------	------	--------	--------

Showrooms and Offices: Spare Parts and Repairs:

MINERVA MOTORS, LTD.,

MINERVA HOUSE, CHENIES ST., LONDON, W.C.1

Telephone: Museum 40/41.

Telegrams: "Citraconic, London."

**MOTOR SHOW
OLYMPIA**

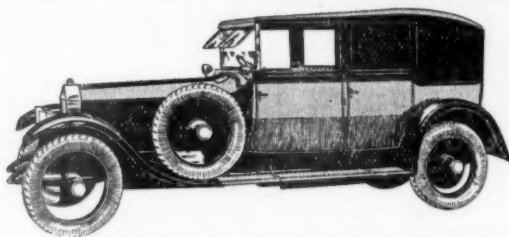
OCT. 17th-25th

STAND NUMBER

206



HOOPER MOTOR CARRIAGES



The Distinction obtained in a Hooper Body is the result of Centuries of experience in Fine Coachwork.

STAND 191, MOTOR EXHIBITION, OLYMPIA. OCT. 17-25.

HOOPER & CO. (Coachbuilders) Ltd.
AGENTS FOR ALL LEADING MOTOR CARS.

Motor-Body-Builders and Coachbuilders to
HIS MAJESTY THE KING,
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN,
H.M. QUEEN ALEXANDRA,
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.

By Royal Warrant
of appointment.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS MARY, Viscountess Lascelles.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS ROYAL.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.
H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
H.R.H. PRINCE ARTHUR OF CONNAUGHT.

54 ST. JAMES'S STREET, PICCADILLY, LONDON, S.W. 1



Kennington Service.



"The most interesting All-weather device yet introduced."—The Motor

Ready-in-a-moment All-weather windows and one-man hood are the principal features of the entirely new and exclusive All-weather equipment embodied in the specification of the 12/25 h.p. and 15/40 h.p. Humber open cars.

**Raised and Lowered
without rising from Seat**

Let us interest you as we have interested the motoring experts.
Call at Stand 128 and ask us to demonstrate.

Six Handsome Models on view . . . £240 to £645.

Dunlop Tyres fitted to all Models.

HUMBER Ltd., COVENTRY

LONDON—

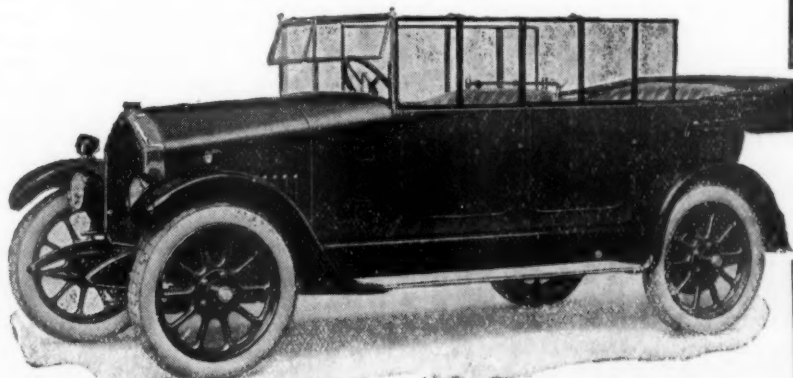
City Showrooms:

32 Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.

West End Showrooms and
Export Branch Office:

94 New Bond Street, W.1.

Repair Works & Service Depot:
Canterbury Rd., Kilburn, N.W.6



City Notes

Lombard Street, Thursday.

THE unaccountable optimism to which I referred last week still overruns the Stock Exchange. Markets continue to improve and prices to rise. Before I again sit down to write these notes, the opinion of the electorate will be no longer a matter of conjecture. There are three possible results of this election, and it may not be out of place to surmise what effect each would have on markets. Firstly: The much desired result, an absolute Conservative majority. Should this be achieved, we should have great Stock Exchange activity for a month or two, and then if, as we hope, trade revives, money would leave the Stock Exchange and return to its more legitimate uses, the trade of the country. Secondly: If the Labour Party were returned with an absolute majority, stocks and shares would become for a time at least almost unsaleable. Thirdly: If the parties were returned as they were in the last Parliament, with the exception of a few seats won by the Conservatives from the other two parties, suggesting a Conservative Government kept in Office by Liberal votes, I think markets would remain steady and the volume of business gradually increase, but I do not think it would lead to a boom. Yet markets are almost booming now. Why? It is possible that the real cause is remote from politics. The technical position is sound. For months a waiting policy has been adopted by investors, and money that normally would have gone into the Industrial or Mining Markets has been temporarily invested in Gilt-edged Stocks, owing to the uncertainty of the outlook; this tendency was increased by the sudden decision to hold an immediate election, which led to a further rise in Gilt-edged Stocks. This rise has been construed as "election result" confidence, and so has spread to other markets. It also synchronizes with the operation of the Dawes Scheme, which the City thinks will help to restabilize Europe, and so improve business conditions generally. This theory may be incorrect, but meanwhile markets are extraordinarily firm, and although the reason is hard to see, I am of opinion that so long as the election does not produce the second alternative suggested above, this state of affairs will continue.

THE GERMAN LOAN

The feature of the week has been the opening of dealings in the new German Loan. As I anticipated last week, this has gone ahead to a substantial premium. On the first day, in spite of the stags, the Loan closed strong buyers at $4\frac{3}{4}$ premium. I dealt with the Loan fully last week, and need only repeat that in my opinion it will look attractive at par. Not only has the London issue been a success, but the 110,000,000 dollars offered in New York stands at $2\frac{1}{2}$ premium, while the £2,500,000 offered in Holland stands at 4 per cent. premium. The Loan was not offered for public subscription in Belgium and France, but placed privately with the banks in these countries, and in each case it stands at $1\frac{1}{2}$ premium, strong buyers.

WHAT TO EXPECT

Eliminating political factors, I cannot help feeling that there is likely to be increased activity in the Oil

Market, and here I choose Shells, Lobitos and Anglo-Ecuadorian. Imperial Tobaccos have passed 80s., a necessity, if the view already expressed here is correct, that they will be nearly 90s. by the end of the year. Similarly, Lautaro Nitrates are $8\frac{1}{2}$. I looked for an increased demand for base metals, and in this connexion I am optimistic as to Tin shares. Speaking generally, I think Gilt-edged Stocks are too high, particularly Colonial Trustee Stocks.

SMALL INVESTORS

A correspondent has administered to me a mild reprimand on the grounds that I am neglecting to give advice to what he styles "the small fry," who are diffident of investing their few pounds of savings in a high-priced share.

My first word of advice to such investors is: conquer this diffidence. It is obviously far sounder to hold, say, 25 Imperial Tobaccos Ordinary at £4 per share, than 1,000 shares in some indifferent concern whose merit lies solely in the fact that the price of its shares is but 2s. The tendency that we all share in our childhood to prefer quantity to quality in the matter of confectionery, is one that should not be indulged in when we choose investments in later life. There are, however, certain low-priced shares well worth buying, and therefore I propose this week to deal with one in this category.

MAYPOLE DAIRY

The issued capital of the Maypole Dairy Co., Ltd., is £2,958,333, divided into £350,000 Cumulative Preference shares of £1, 450,000 20 per cent. Cumulative Preference Ordinary shares of 5s., and 2,158,333 Deferred Ordinary shares of 2s. During the last ten years the following dividends have been paid on the Deferred shares:—1914, 1s. 3d.; 1915, 2s.; 1916, 2s.; 1917, 3s. 4d.; 1918, 1s. 4d.; 1919, 2s.; 1920, 1s. 7½d.; 1921, 3d.; 1922, 3d.; 1923, 9d.; 1924, interim 3d.

During this period the price of these shares has fluctuated widely, the highest price touched being 27s. 3d. in 1914 and the lowest 3s. 9d. this year. They now stand at 5s. 4½d., and I recommend them. The company has undoubtedly suffered in the past through the keen competition in the margarine trade. Recently an amicable agreement has been reached, and now that the Home and Colonial Stores have acquired a large interest in the Maypole Company, increased profits should accrue to Maypole Deferred shareholders.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

SLIGO.—Keep Huronian Belts and Associated.

B. A.—I will answer your queries by letter.

I. S. H.—I hear Lobitos are expected to have one of their periodical spurts. I consider this company thoroughly sound.

D. W.—Limmer and Trinidad Lake Asphalt Co. Ordinary shares should meet your case. I hear extremely well of the prospects of both the Ordinary and Preference shares of this company.

IGNORAMUS.—Transact your business with a member of the London Stock Exchange. Leave all outside brokers alone.

BITTEN.—While there is life there is hope, but I am afraid there is very little left in the company whose shares you hold.

TAURUS

NORTH BRITISH AND MERCANTILE

INSURANCE Co., Ltd.

London: 61 Threadneedle Street, E.C. 2

Funds £29,522,000.

Income £8,683,000

Edinburgh: 64 Princes Street

Preliminary
Announcement.

Caricatures

BY

QUIZ

of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

An Exhibition of Original Drawings by 'Quiz' (Powys Evans), the famous caricaturist of the SATURDAY REVIEW, will be held at the Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square, London, W.,

From Monday, Nov. 3rd, to Sat., Nov. 8th.



Cut for economy

It is the "curious cut" of Three Nuns Tobacco that makes it more economical to smoke than many tobaccos sold at 2d. or 3d. an ounce less. The little discs into which the fine leaf is fashioned ensure slow burning and complete freedom from dust or waste. Therefore an ounce of Three Nuns lasts longer than an ounce of most other brands. Regard well those discs, for in them is wrapped up the secret of Three Nuns economy, coolness and uniform excellence of quality.

THREE NUNS

The Tobacco of Curious Cut

In Packets: 1 oz. 1/2; 2 oz. 2/4
In Tins: 2 oz. 2/4; 4 oz. 4/8

King's Head is similar, but a little fuller

Stephen Mitchell and Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow

823

P. S. KING & SON LTD.

THE ECONOMIC CONDITION OF SOVIET RUSSIA.

By S. N. PROKOPOVICZ, Professor of Economics in the University of Moscow. Translated by M. STRUVE. Crown 8vo. 250 pp. Cloth, 7s. 6d.

Describes the Bolshevik control of industry in its three phases, (1) anarchic seizure of factories; (2) organized nationalization, with the attempt to abolish the wage system; and (3) Lenin's new economic policy of capitalism without legal sanctions.

Times Literary Supplement.—"This valuable book contains chapters on the new economic policy, concessions and foreign trade, finance, Budget estimates and execution, real and apparent wages, and allied subjects."

FOUR YEARS OF FASCISM.

By GUGLIELMO FERRERO. Crown 8vo. 156 pp. Cloth. 7s. 6d.

An interesting review of Fascism and Mussolini rule in Italy—translated by Mr. E. W. Dicks from the Italian Edition "Da Fiume a Roma"—together with an additional chapter by Sr. Ferrero on the recent elections in Italy.

THE NEW HOUSING HANDBOOK.

[Ready Shortly.]

By Captain R. L. REISS, Chairman of the Executive Committee, Garden Cities and Town Planning Association, Vice-Chairman of the Housing Advisory Committee of the Labour Party. Demy 8vo. Cloth. 4s. 6d.

This handbook has been prepared especially to present in a convenient form the main facts with regard to housing, the legislation, including the Wheatley Act, and necessary information with regard to administration, building trade labour, etc. The book contains in an appendix the full text of the Wheatley Act, and the important sections in full of the Chamberlain Act of last year.

Orchard House, 2 & 4 Great Smith Street,
WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

OCTOBER

7s. 6d.

THE QUARTERLY REVIEW

THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND AS IT IS.

JOSEPH CONRAD. By Thomas Moul.

THE POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN AMERICA. By Prof. C. W. Alvord, Ph.D.

OPERA IN ENGLAND. By George Sampson.

IRELAND TO-DAY.

AGRICULTURAL FACTS AND FALLACIES. By George T. Hutchinson.

THE PERSONALITY OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. By C. E. Lawrence.

THE RETURN OF THE TURKS. By William Miller.

SPORT AND SPORTSMANSHIP. By the Hon. and Rev. Edward Lytton.

THE GERMAN DISARMAMENT AND AFTER. By Brigadier-General J. H. Morgan.

THE HOUSE OF AIRLIE.

BROADCASTING. By J. C. W. Reith.

SEVEN MONTHS OF A LABOUR MINISTRY.

LONDON: JOHN MURRAY

'Saturday Review' Competitions

OCT. 25, 1924

Competitors must cut out and enclose this coupon

Company Meetings

BUENOS AYRES & PACIFIC RAILWAY

THE ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway Company (Limited) was held on Thursday, October 16, at Winchester House, Old Broad Street, Viscount St. Davids presiding.

The Chairman, in moving the adoption of the report, which stated that the year had been a record one in receipts, although the tonnage was less than in the record year of 1920, dealt first with the general position in Argentina. First of all, the population before the war was increasing rapidly, but when the war came immigration stopped, and a great number of people left the country, particularly Italians, to serve in the armies of their own countries, so that when the war ended the population of Argentina was certainly not greater than when the war began. Immigration had begun again, and the population of the country was just upon ten millions, of which 1,900,000 were in Buenos Ayres itself. The population had also largely increased by natural growth. Last year the natural increase was nearly 185,000, so that between immigration and natural increase the population went up 346,000.

Two years ago they agreed to the transfer of the Bahia Blanca line to the Southern Railway, subject to the approval of the Government. That approval had now been given. As to how it would affect this company, he would say at once that in good years giving up the Bahia Blanca line would be a loss to them, but in bad years it would be a great gain.

About the immediate future, first of all up to date they had got on top of the last two good years a traffic increase of £366,000. He had always told shareholders that this time of the year was too early to be sure of the wheat crop, but they had a bigger area under wheat and up to now it was all looking well. They had a large area being ploughed for maize; and they had the cattle industry in a far more flourishing position than it was twelve months ago.

BUENOS AYRES WESTERN RLY., LTD.

PRESIDING on Tuesday last at the annual meeting of the Buenos Ayres Western Railway Ltd., Sir Henry Bell, Bt., after expressing regret at the death of Sir Albert Bowen, which, he said, was a heavy blow to all connected with the railway, referred to the reduced interim dividend of 2 per cent., remarking that with traffics as they were to the end of December, and exchange as it then was, they felt they were not justified in paying more. A year ago the maize crop in the Pampa districts had been practically ruined by drought. This handicapped them severely at the commencement of the financial year, but subsequently the favourable wheat, linseed, and oat crops, and the increasing receipts from their passenger and live stock traffic so improved the situation that at the close of the year they were in a position not only to charge the exchange loss on remittances against net revenue, but also to recommend a final dividend of 4 per cent. and to carry forward £66,000. Considering the unfortunate start they made, these results could be regarded as satisfactory.

As to the future, they could not remain stationary; they must either progress or go back. The country was developing, and they could not avoid their obligations to assist in its expansion, nor did they wish to do so, because there was in their zone much land which it would be profitable from every point of view to open up. They felt that it was obviously in the general interests to encourage grain production. At the same time they would take care that their cattle traffic did not suffer in any way, for that interest was of the greatest importance to the company and to the country. Their considered view, however, was that at the present time they should endeavour to open up to agriculture those areas remote from existing lines where the soil was suitable to grain. To construct some eighty kilometres of line at a cost of £300,000 would be of material benefit to them. According to their latest advices, their receipts in the current year showed a gross increase of £323,000.

The report and accounts were adopted.

The Guaranteed Spirit

PRATTS

— for Efficiency —
— for Uniformity —

ANGLO-AMERICAN OIL CO., LTD., 36, Queen Anne's Gate, London, S.W.1.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

Miscellaneous

STAMMERING permanently cured by course of 10 weeks' treatment, devised by young scientist; cases intractable to previous treatment specially invited to interview. Write Box 209, SATURDAY REVIEW, 9, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

ACAREER THAT PAYS. Advertisement writing and publicity work. Either sex can earn £10 weekly in spare time. Write for particulars and free lesson to (Dept. T. 9), Shaw Institute, 1, Montague Street, London, W.C.

NURSING HOME for Aged People, bedridden or otherwise. Coal fires. Nice garden. House overlooks Crystal Palace grounds. Accouchement, pending and during. Every care. Terms moderate and inclusive. Apply MATRON, Harwood House, Thicket Road, Anerley. 'Phone: Sydenham 2291.

ACERT. TRAINED MASSEUSE, skilled worker, receives patients. Hours 11—8. MISS BARSON, 11 Adam Street, Portman Square.

GENUINE SCOTCH TWEEDS
at Bargain Prices

These are handwoven in beautiful colours and designs by disabled Highland soldiers. Ideal Wear for Man or Woman. Write for patterns and prices to Dept. S. R.,

Seaforth Weaving Institute, DINGWALL, ROSS-SHIRE.

FRUITARIAN DIET CURES.—Take a month's diet treatment for the Prevention of Diseases of Digestion. Conditions which lead to cancer, etc. From 3 guineas. LADY MARGARETS, Doddington, Kent.

GOLDEN CORNISH CLOTTED CREAM. Absolutely pure. Stamps or P.O. for 1s. 4oz. Sample will procure. Dept. R., MAWNAN FARMS, LTD., Mawnan, Falmouth.

TYPEWRITERS. Fully guaranteed, from £4. TYPEWRITERS. All makes. Write for list. TYPEWRITERS. By the largest concern in the trade. AMALGAMATED TYPEWRITERS, LTD., 9 Newgate Street, E.C. 'Phone: City 4443.

PLEASE help us help others.—Poor people of huge parish need CLOTHES. Lads' Club needs Equipment. Come and see, or send anything to ARTHUR MILLNS, S. Matthias Vicarage, Hermit Road, Canning Town, E.16.

SOUTH DEVON. — PAYING GUESTS; central heating; electric light; good garden; sunny situation. HALKAM HOUSE, Exmouth.

Literary

AUTHORS should forward Stories, Poems, Novels, Tales for Children, Plays, Films, Essays, Music, Songs. Mr. ARTHUR H. STOCKWELL, Publisher, 29 Ludgate Hill, London. No reading fees. Typewriting not essential. Established 1898.

TYPEWRITING AND DUPLICATING of every description carefully and promptly executed at home. MSS. 1s. per 1,000 words, Carbon Copy 3d. per 1,000 words. Translations undertaken. Miss NANCY McFARLANE, "E," 11 Palmeria Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea.

THE Premier House for TRANSLATIONS, Typewriting, Duplicating and Facsimile, Printing is DANKS & CO., 199 Strand, W.C.2. Tele.: City 6119.

SHORT STORIES, ARTICLES, etc., wanted by English and American editors. No reading fees. Send MSS. (preliminary letter unnecessary), Dept. R., BRITISH LITERARY SERVICE, 261, Mansfield Road, Nottingham.

TYPEWRITING of every description accurately and promptly executed. Authors' MSS., 8d. 1,000 words single copy; with carbon, 10d. BARBARA CHAMBERS, 68, Great Queen Street, W.C.2.

AUTHORS.—THE RALPH LANE LITERARY AGENCY. A Live-Wire Agency, staffed by Literary Experts, offers you Expert Advice upon Literary Markets, undertakes the revision of MSS. for publication. Stamp for prospectus. Dept. E., 51-52, Carey Street, W.C.

Entertainments

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE, KINGSWAY

Daily from 2 to 10.45 (Sundays 6 to 10.30. New Programme.)
Next Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. (Oct. 27, 28, 29.)

"ZAZA"
Adapted from the well-known Stage play,
starring GLORIA SWANSON and H. B. WARNER.

"STEPHEN STEPS OUT"
starring DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS (junr.).

A delightful Cameo comedy—"BARGAIN DAY," etc.

Next Thursday, Friday, and Saturday. (Oct. 30, 31, Nov. 1.)

"SEN YAN'S DEVOTION,"
starring SESSUE HAYAKAWA and TSURU AOKI.

"BEING RESPECTABLE"
starring IRENE RICH, LOUISE FAZENDA,
MARIE PREVOST and MONTE BLUE.

Interest Film—"KNOWN LONDON,"

Eve's Film Review and FELIX, the Cat, etc.

Managing Director: SIR OSWALD STOLL.

Educational

THE CALDER GIRLS' SCHOOL, SEASCALE, CUMBERLAND.

(On Board of Education's List of Efficient Schools.)

Mountain and sea air, dry, bracing and sunny.

The aim is to give a sound education to girls on Public School lines. Girls may enter the Preparatory School at the age of eight years.

In the Upper School pupils are prepared for Matriculation and entrance to the Universities.

Modern Class-rooms, Laboratory, Gymnasium, and good Playing Field. Riding. Excellent golf links. Safe bathing.

Escort from Euston, Crewe, Leeds, Manchester and Carlisle.

Illustrated prospectus on application to the HEAD-MISTRESS.

TUITION BY POST

In Latin, Greek, French, Mathematics, etc., for Matriculation, B.A., and other Examinations. Address Mr. J. CHARLESTON, B.A., 14 Elsham Road, Kensington, W.14.

EARN MONEY BY YOUR PEN. Unique postal course: How to write, what to write about, where to sell. Expert guidance, real training. Illustrated booklet free. REGENT INSTITUTE (Dept. 154), 13 Victoria Street, S.W.1.

Finance

EXCELLENT MONEY-MAKING OPPORTUNITIES constantly occurring: highly successful recommended methods. Send now stamped addressed envelope for free particulars. GREEN & CO., 17 Church Lane, Hull.

INVESTMENT showing a profit of over 30 per cent. secured on a sound established West End business. A few hundred **SHARES** for SALE; suitable for private investor. Solicitors' and accountants' references bona fide applicant. Write INCHAPS, LTD., 17 Coventry Street, W.1.

For Sale

HAMPSTEAD (overlooking the historic grounds of Keat's Cottage).—Attractive architect-built **RESIDENCES** containing 5 bed, 2 reception rooms, lounge hall, bath-room, and every modern convenience. For SALE, FREEHOLD. Price £3,600. Garage by arrangement. Plans can be seen. Messrs. FLOOD & SONS, 8 Westbourne Grove, W.2.

A CHARMING VILLA, very artistically furnished, all new. Would Let or Sell, either furnished or unfurnished. Apply WILLIAM CRANE, Villa Cairo, Chigwell Road, Charnminster Hill, Bournemouth.

Shipping

P & O and BRITISH INDIA Co.'s
Passenger and Freight Services.

MEDITERRANEAN, EGYPT, INDIA, PERSIAN GULF,
BURMAH, CEYLON, STRAITS, CHINA, JAPAN,
MAURITIUS, SIAM, E. & S. AFRICA, AUSTRALASIA.

Address for all Passenger Business, P. & O. House, 14, Cockspur Street, London, S.W. 1; Freight or General Business: 122, Leadenhall St., E.C. 3.
B.I. Agents, GRAY, DAWES & CO., 122, Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. 3.

Galleries

LONDON GROUP MANSARD GALLERY.
Exhibition of Modern Painting and Sculpture.
Now open. Admission 1s.
HEAL & SON, LTD., 195 Tottenham Court Road, W.1.

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO., LTD.

are issuing free Personal Accident Insurances which will cover you during your visit to the British Empire Exhibition.

Apply at the P.A.C. KIOSK, Outer March (Next to the Globe), Wembley.

142, Holborn Bars,
London, E.C.

WORLD TOUR

Visiting:—

INDIA, BURMA, MALAYA,
CHINA,
BEAUTIFUL JAPAN,
THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS
& CANADA

Leaving London 18th December

Personally organised and conducted by
MR. EDWARD GRAY, F.R.G.S., F.R.C.I.,
Australia House, Strand, London, W.C.2,
from whom the Descriptive Itinerary may be obtained.

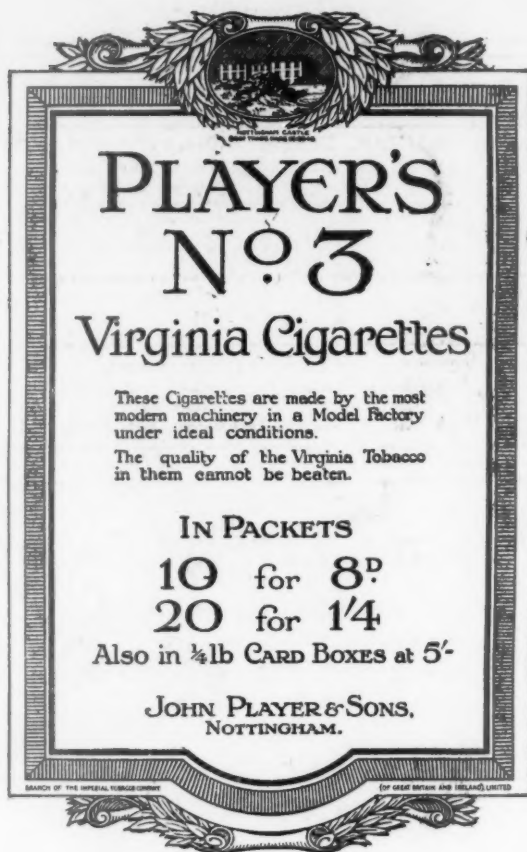
A Wonderful Restorative!
ENJOY PERFECT HEALTH

Dr. Gautier's Famous Capsules for
WEAKNESS and NERVOUSNESS

A sure remedy for General Weakness, Loss of Nerve Power, effectually restores Vitality and Stamina, counteracts results of Overwork, Loss of Energy, etc. **A Wonderful Specific for both Men and Women.** The **SUPER NERVE TONIC.** Price 3/- and 5/- per box. Extra strong 12/- per box, post free, which take effect in a few minutes. **FREE SAMPLE**, together with full particulars and booklet, **"THE JOY OF YOUTH AND HOW REGAINED,"** sent Post Free.

WRITE AT ONCE TO

S. SEYMOUR (Dept. 15),
47, Bedford Street, Strand, London, W.C.2



**PLAYER'S
No. 3
Virginia Cigarettes**

These Cigarettes are made by the most modern machinery in a Model Factory under ideal conditions.
The quality of the Virginia Tobacco in them cannot be beaten.

IN PACKETS
10 for 8^p
20 for 1⁴
Also in $\frac{1}{4}$ lb CARD BOXES at 5⁻

**JOHN PLAYER & SONS,
NOTTINGHAM.**

"An Apple a Day Keeps the Doctor away"

and a shilling a day will keep the grim spectre of want from many a home—for this small sum will suffice to secure for a man of 30

A Policy of over - - £1,000

under the

STANDARD'S

New Family Provision Scheme

Maximum Cover

at

Minimum Cost.

WRITE TO-DAY FOR A COPY OF LEAFLET A.E.I.

**THE STANDARD LIFE
ASSURANCE COMPANY**

(Established 1825)

Head Office: **3, George Street, EDINBURGH.**
LONDON - **110, CANNON STREET, E.C.4,** and
15a, PALL MALL, S.W.1.

NATIONAL REVIEW

EDITED BY L. J. MAXSE

NOVEMBER, 1924

PRICE 3/- NET

EPISODES OF THE MONTH GERMANY'S PEACE PLOT

By ARTHUR KITSON

THOSE POOR VICTORIANS

By VISCOUNT ESHER, G.C.B.

ECCLESIASTICS AND POLITICS

By E. P. HEWITT, K.C.

THE UNFADING GARDEN

By IAN D. COLVIN

"EYE GYMNASTICS"

By SQUADRON-LEADER E. BROWN, R.A.F.M.S.

THE TIME-WASTING MACHINE OF GENEVA

By FRANCIS ALDRIDGE

THE SHORE

By T. A. COWARD

THE MAXIMS OF LA ROCHEFOUCAULD

By Miss KATHLEEN MARY CARROLL

A SEARCH PARTY

By FITZURSE

A FAMILY LEGEND AND SOME TRUE GHOST STORIES

By Miss A. H. SINGLETON

CHANG-TSO-LIN

By MAJOR S. L. NORRIS, R.E.

A LONDONER'S GLIMPSE OF SHEFFIELD

By A. WILLIAMS-ELLIS

CORRESPONDENCE

A Protest from Pennsylvania
What Canada Thinks
Boring within the Church of England

8 JOHN STREET, ADELPHI, LONDON, W.C. 2

Get Triplex and be Safe